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Introducing a
"NEW DIRECTION"
IN MAGAZINES...
AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!

This magazine, "M.D.," is the sixth of E.C.'s "New Direction" publications. It is dedicated to Mankind's tireless and unceasing battle against disease, and to the man who fights that never-ending battle day after day after day . . . your Family Doctor . . . your M.D.

But, although the M.D. is the protagonist in this magazine, he is not necessarily the hero! The *real* hero is the man, woman, or child who enters into the M.D.'s stirring and grim world of real medicine to seek out the help and relief his wisdom and experience can give.

This, then, is the theme of "M.D." It will contain stories of *people* . . . people who are helped by their Family Doctor and his associates in the Medical Profession. It will deal frankly and honestly with the diseases and misfortunes that beset people. It will deal graphically and candidly with the treatment they receive. At times, its stories will be poignant . . . at times they will be sad . . . at times they will be grim. But at all times, they will be *true to life!*

And now, because we feel it best epitomizes the ideals of the Medical Profession, we, the editors of "M.D." offer the vow taken by all M.D.'s . . . "The Hippocratic Oath":

"I do solemnly swear, by whatever I hold most sacred, that I will be loyal to the profession of medicine and just and generous to its members; that I will lead my life and practice my art in uprightness and honor; that into whatsoever house I shall enter, it shall be for the good of the sick to the utmost of my power, holding myself far aloof from wrong, from corruption, from the tempting of others to vice; that I will exercise my art solely for the cure of my patients and will give no drug, perform no operation for a criminal purpose, even if solicited, far less suggest it; that whatsoever I shall see or hear of the lives of men which is not fitting to be spoken, I will keep inviolably secret. These things do I swear."

As is traditional at E.C., we, the editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in the future will be your space . . . your letter page in "M.D." Write us and tell us what you think. Criticize, compliment, suggest. You're our guide. We want, as always, to please you! We'll print all of your letters that we can in "The Needles" in our third issue. Thanks for listening,

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New York City 12, N. Y.

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THE FIGHT FOR LIFE

THIS IS THE FACE OF MANKIND IN THE DAYS BEFORE MODERN MEDICINE. THIS IS THE FACE OF MANKIND UNTIL, PERHAPS, ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO... A FACE AGONIZED AND TERROR-STRICKEN... A DOOMED FACE... A FACE WITH THE RAVAGES OF HIDEOUS PAIN ETCHED INTO EVERY SHRIEKING FOLD AND FEATURE. THIS IS THE FACE OF MANKIND, HELPLESS BEFORE THE ONSLAUGHTS OF DISEASE AND THE SPITEFUL SABOTAGE OF HIS OWN BODY. HERE IS HUMANITY, HELPLESS TO SAVE ITSELF... HUMANITY, CRUCIFIED BY ITS OWN IGNORANCE... HUMANITY, DEHUMANIZED... HUMANITY, WAITING, SINCE THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION, FOR *THE DOCTOR* TO APPEAR ON EARTH...

DISEASE HAS EXISTED AS LONG AS THERE HAS BEEN LIFE ON EARTH. DEATH BEGAN SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE BEGINNING OF LIFE. THE WEAR AND TEAR OF THE HUMAN ORGANISM... THE CHANGES IN LIVING TISSUE FROM ACCIDENT AND HURT... THE FAULTY FUNCTIONING OF ORGANS... EXPOSURE TO BACTERIA AND FOREIGN BODIES IN THE AIR ITSELF... DISTURBANCES OF THE DELICATE, METABOLIC SYSTEM SUSTAINING THE HUMAN BODY...

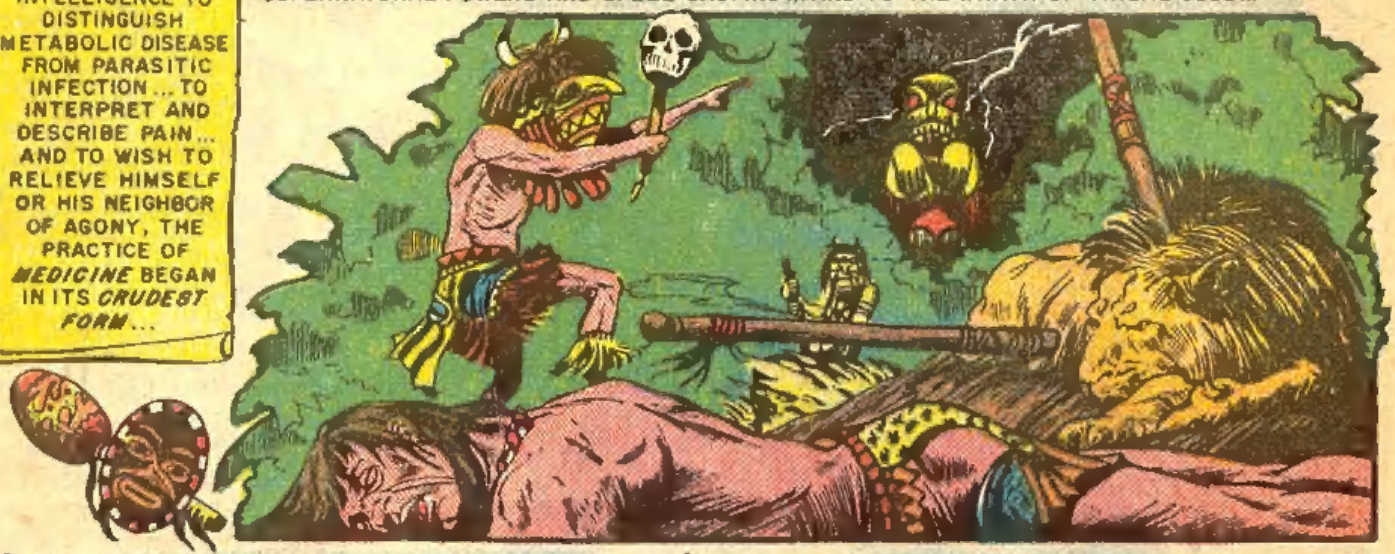
...*ANY* OR *ALL* OF THESE THINGS... INFECTIOUS DISEASES... PARASITIC DISEASES... ACCIDENTS... ABNORMAL ORGANIC FUNCTIONING... OLD AGE... *ALL* OF THESE RESULTED IN *AGONY!*

AND HUMANITY STOOD HELPLESS IN THE FACE OF DISEASE AND DISASTER IN THE EARLY DAWN OF MAN...

3456789 M.B.

AS SOON AS MAN DEVELOPED ENOUGH INTELLIGENCE TO DISTINGUISH METABOLIC DISEASE FROM PARASITIC INFECTION... TO INTERPRET AND DESCRIBE PAIN... AND TO WISH TO RELIEVE HIMSELF OR HIS NEIGHBOR OF AGONY, THE PRACTICE OF *MEDICINE* BEGAN IN ITS *CRUDEST FORM*...

AMONG THE EARLIEST SAVAGES, AS INDEED AMONG SAVAGES OF TODAY, DISEASE WAS LOOKED UPON AS OF SUPERNATURAL ORIGIN, ASCRIBED TO SPECIAL DEMONS...TO THE REVENGE OF DEPARTING SPIRITS OR GHOSTS...TO THE ACTIVITIES OF SLAIN ANIMALS...TO HUMANS POSSESSED OF SUPERNATURAL POWERS AND SPELL CASTING... AND TO THE WRATH OF TRIBAL GODS...



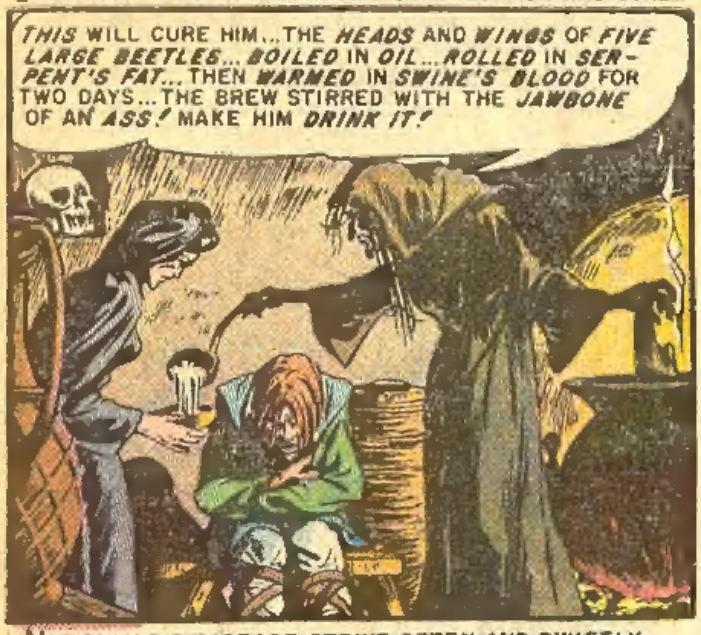
IN EARLY *GREECE*, FOR EXAMPLE, ATTEMPTS TO RID THE BODY OF DISEASE CONSISTED OF *MAKING SACRIFICES* TO *APPEASE* THE *OFFENDED DIETY*...

AMONG PRIMITIVE *WEST INDIAN* NATIVES, FOR EXAMPLE, DISEASE WAS CONSIDERED AN *INVASION* OF THE BODY BY *DEMONS*. THE PROPER TREATMENT LAY IN MAKING THE BODY AS *UNPLEASANT* AN ABODE AS *POSSIBLE* FOR THE DEVILS. THIS WAS ACCOMPLISHED BY *STARVING*, *BEATING*, AND *TORTURING* THE *SICK VICTIM*...

SUPERSTITION...SPIRITUALISM...THE BELIEF IN SUPERNATURAL CAUSES RESULTED IN VAIN SACRIFICES AND GROTESQUE RITUALS WHICH MORE OFTEN *KILLED* A MAN THAN *SAVED* HIM. THE ANCIENT POLYNESIANS, FOR INSTANCE, ACTUALLY *OPENED* THE BODY TO *LET OUT* THESE DEMONS...

IN EGYPT, ABOUT 3000 B.C., SO-CALLED "PHYSICIANS" HAD AN EFFECTIVE SUBSTITUTE FOR ASPIRINS...AN OPERATION ON THE SKULL...TREPANNING...THE PUNCHING OF A HOLE... THROUGH TO THE BRAIN...

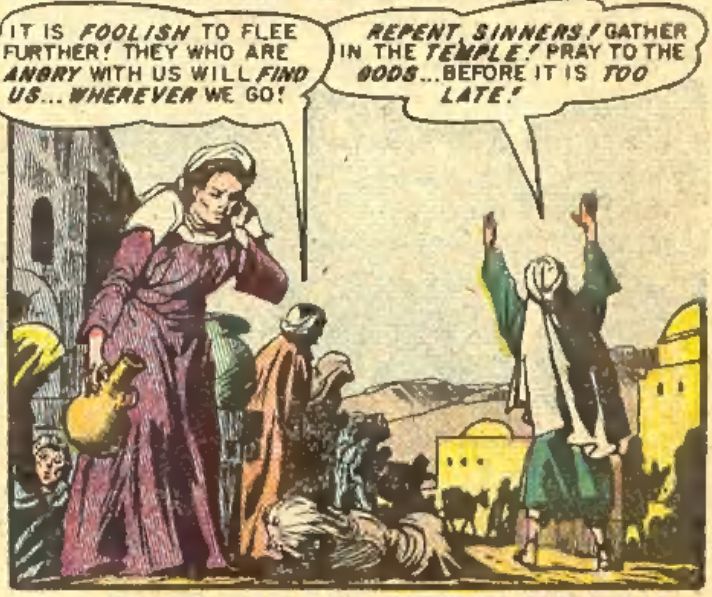
IGNORANCE WAS "KNOWLEDGE". SUPERSTITION WAS "CURE".



SINCE THE GREEKS AND ROMANS HAD DIFFERENT GODS AND GODDESSES FOR EVERY PHASE OF THEIR EXISTENCE, IT WAS ONLY NATURAL THAT THEY WOULD HAVE A GOD OF MEDICINE. HE WAS CALLED ASKLEPIOS...

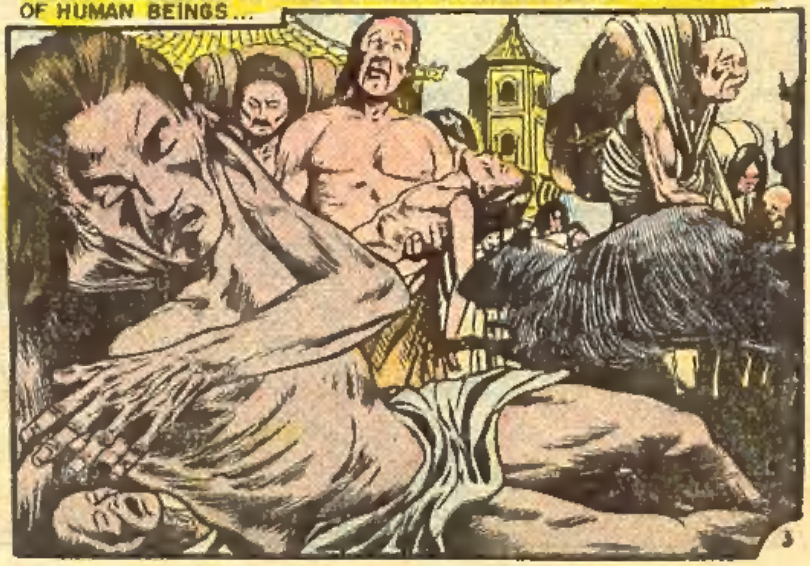
NOT ONLY DID DISEASE STRIKE OFTEN AND SWIFTLY, BUT CONTAGION SPREAD LIKE WILDFIRE. THERE WAS NO CHECKING A PLAGUE ONCE IT BEGAN...

PLAGUES RAN SWIFTLY. YES! THOSE WHO FLED THE DISEASE ONLY SUCCEEDED IN SPREADING IT...

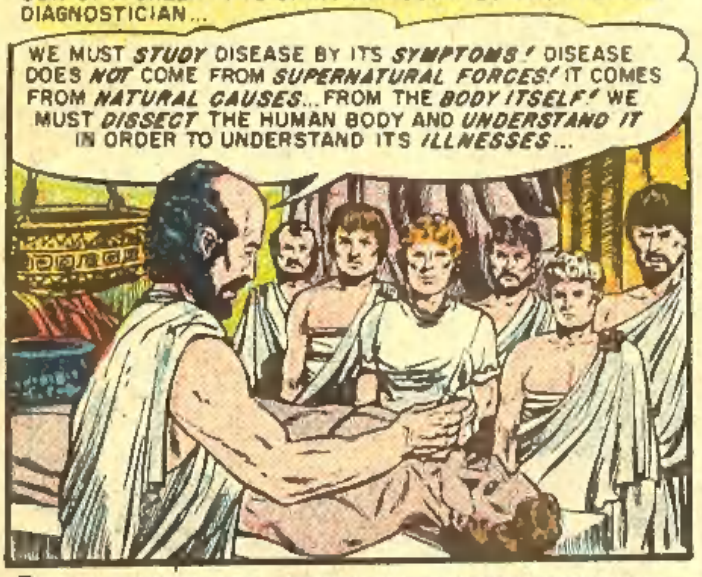


SO MANKIND PRAYED TO HIS GODS AND REPENTED FOR HIS SINS. BUT STILL THE DEAD PILED UP... EVEN IN HIS TEMPLES...

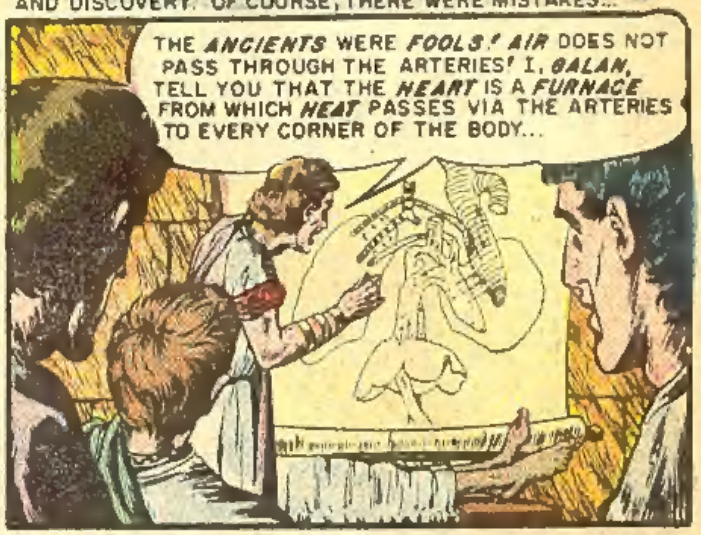
THE GREAT PESTILENCES MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE...THE PLAGUE OF LONDON...THE OUTBREAK OF EPIDEMICS IN THE FAR EAST...ALL THESE RESULTED IN THE DEATHS OF MILLIONS UPON MILLIONS OF HUMAN BEINGS...



IN 460 B.C., THE FORTUNES OF MANKIND MATERIALLY ADVANCED WITH THE APPEARANCE OF HIPPOCRATES, THE SON OF A GREEK PHYSICIAN. HIPPOCRATES WAS THE FIRST DIAGNOSTICIAN...

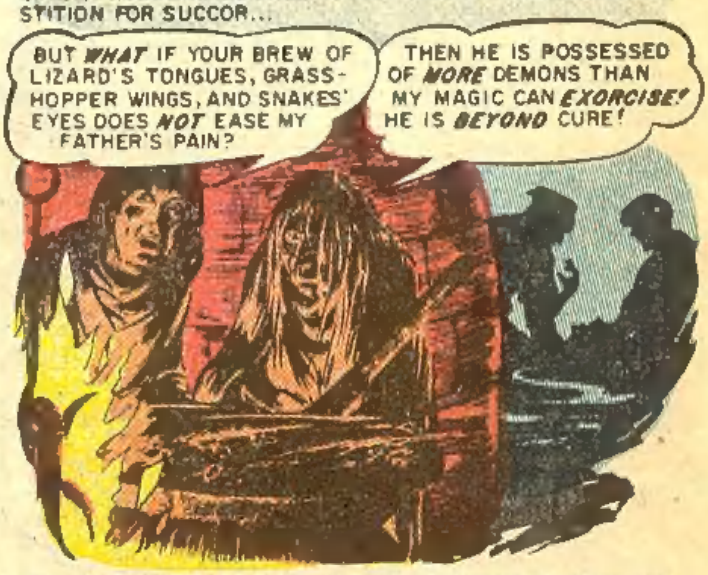


IT WAS A BEGINNING. HIPPOCRATES' REVOLUTIONARY FINDINGS AND THE GREAT ANATOMICAL DISCOVERIES OF LATER THINKERS LIKE GALAN, ROMAN MEDICAL GENIUS, IN 130 A.D., OPENED A NEW DOOR... THE DOOR TO RESEARCH AND DISCOVERY. OF COURSE, THERE WERE MISTAKES...

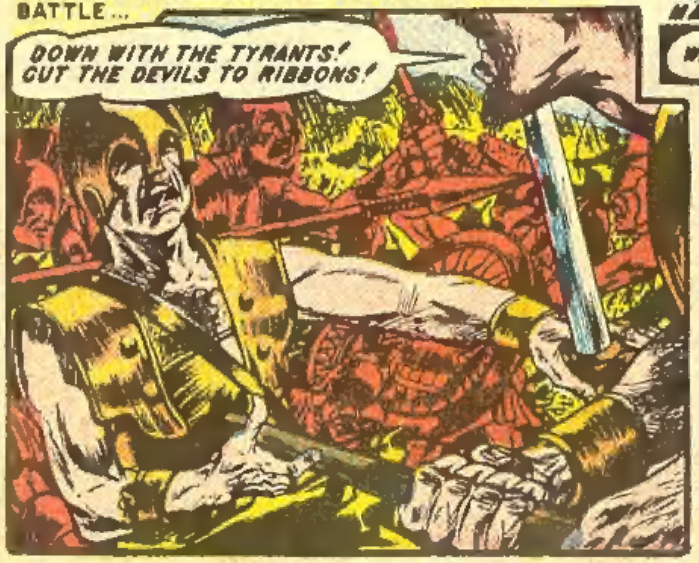


BUT NO SOONER HAD SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS TAKEN A FEW WEAK FORWARD STEPS THAN IT WAS HALTED. THE DARK AGES DESCENDED UPON MANKIND. SINCE EXISTENCE ON *THIS* EARTH WAS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE, NEITHER WERE THE *ILLS* OF THIS EARTH...

FOR 1,300 YEARS... UNTIL THE ADVENT OF PARACELSUS, VESALIUS, AND HARVEY... MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE STOOD STILL. MANKIND LOOKED TO WITCHCRAFT AND SUPERSTITION FOR SUCCOR...



THIS WAS MANKIND, THEN... UNTIL ONLY A CENTURY AGO. *BEYOND CURE!* THE HISTORY BOOKS RING WITH THE HEROIC DEEDS OF GALLANT WARRIORS WHO DID BATTLE...



BUT THE HISTORY BOOKS DO *NOT* RING WITH THE SHRIEKS OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING ON THE NIGHT *FOLLOWING* THESE BATTLES. HISTORY DOES NOT *RECORD* THE *SCREAMS* OF THE *MAIMED* AND *UNATTENDED*...

FROM THERMOPOLAE TO GETTYSBURG, MANKIND *REMAINED* IN *AGONY!* *LUCKY* WAS THE SOLDIER WHO *ESCAPED* THE SWORD AND BULLET! *WOE* TO THE HERO WHO *FELL*...

SUCH HOSPITALS AS THERE *WERE* TURNED OUT TO BE NO BETTER THAN *CHARNAL HOUSES!* EVEN IN THE ERA OF *FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE*, A WAR HOSPITAL WAS WHERE A SOLDIER DIED OF NEGLECT...DISEASE...OR SURGICAL BUTCHERY...

WHAT *ELSE* COULD YOU CALL AN 18TH CENTURY OPERATION BUT *BUTCHERY*...WHEN A MAN'S BELLY OR FACE WAS CUT OPEN *WITHOUT ANAESTHETIC*...*WITHOUT DISINFECTANT*...*WITHOUT* THE SURGEON EVEN ACTUALLY *KNOWING* WHAT HE WAS *OPERATING FOR?*...

AMPUTATION WITHOUT DRUGS! OPERATION WITHOUT MERCY! IN TRUTH, THE HISTORY OF MANKIND *HAS* BEEN A HISTORY OF *PAIN*...

AND WHAT OF THE *MENTALLY* ILL? THE DERANGED WERE CONSIDERED POSSESSED OF THE *DEVIL!* THEY WERE PUT TO *DEATH*...*BURNED*...*HANGED*...OR DOOMED TO SUFFER THEIR LIVES OUT IN *CHAINS*...IN *SOLITUDE*...IN *FILTH*...*BEATEN* AND *STARVED*...

A MAN'S LIFESPAN WAS *SHORT!* THE ROMAN LIVED TO 31! THE AVERAGE ELIZABETHAN, TILL 27! THAT IS, IF THEY SURVIVED *CHILDBIRTH!* TILL THE LAST FEW CENTURIES, 70% OF ALL *BABIES* AND 40% OF ALL *MOTHERS* DIED IN CHILDBIRTH...

THIS THEN *WAS* HUMANITY... *HELPLESS* AGAINST DISEASE ...*VULNERABLE* TO ALL OF THE RAVAGES OF NATURE... *HUMANITY IN AGONY!* UNTIL *BOYLE*, AND *PASTEUR*, AND *LISTER*, AND *HALLER*, AND *JENNER*, AND *HUNTER*, AND *KOCH*, AND *MORTON*, AND *ERLICH*, AND A HOST OF *OTHERS*...

THE *MODERN* SOLDIER, WOUNDED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE TODAY, IS *FAR* FROM DOOMED! HIS *AGONY* IS *BRIEF!* *BLOOD* COMES TO HIM IN *BOTTLES*... RELIEF FROM *PAIN* IN *HYPOS*... *ANTISEPTICS* IN *POWDERS*...

HE IS FLOWN WITHIN *HOURS* TO A MODERN HOSPITAL IF *SURGERY* IS NEEDED...

THE DISCOVERY OF *ANAESTHETICS* HAS MADE *OPERATIONS* AND *POST-OPERATIVE* DISCOMFORT ALMOST *PAINLESS*...

THE SHELVES OF OUR MODERN HOSPITALS AND PHARMACIES ARE *CRAMMED* WITH PILLS, TABLETS, RESTORATIVES, ANODYNES, CURATIVES, REMEDIES, TONICS... MEDICINES NUMBERING INTO THE *MILLIONS*...

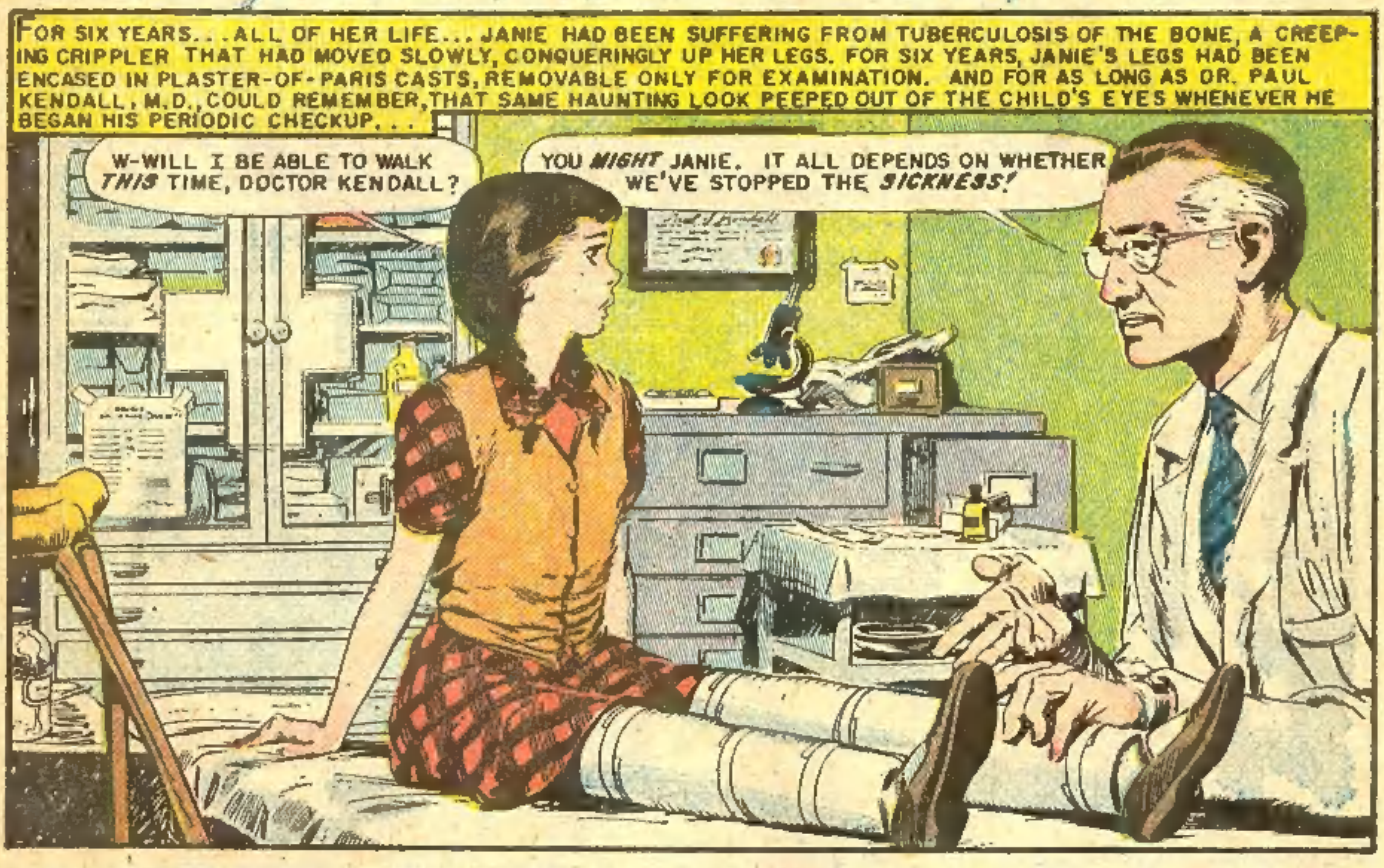
THE SEARCH FOR *NEW DRUGS*... THE DISCOVERIES OF *NEW CURES* GOES *ON*... RELENTLESSLY... TIRELESSLY... AND SUCCESSFULLY, 24 HOURS A DAY...

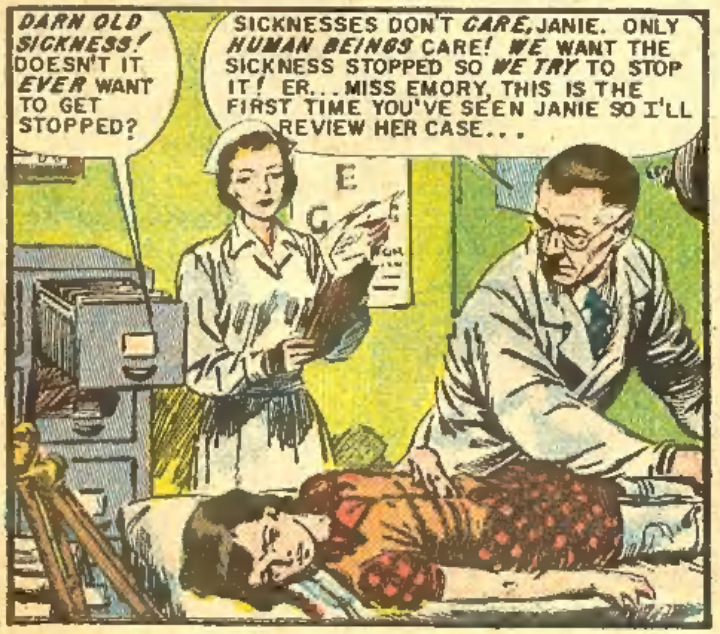
SO THAT *THIS*, THEN, IS THE FACE OF *MODERN MANKIND* IN THE AGE OF *MODERN MEDICINE*... A *SMILING*... *COMFORTED*... *TRUSTING*... *HOPEFUL* FACE...

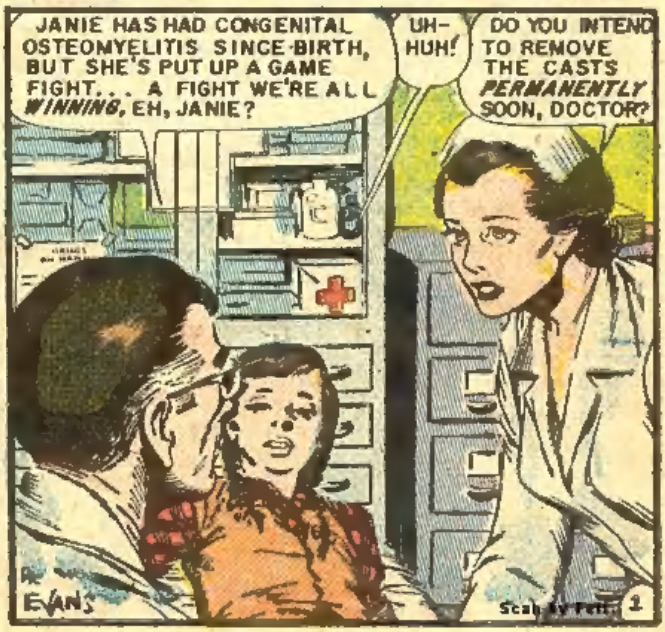
AND THE MAN *RESPONSIBLE* FOR HUMANITY'S CONFIDENCE AND TRUST IS THE MAN WHO *CARRIES WITH HIM* THE *MEDICAL KNOWLEDGE LEARNED FROM CENTURIES UPON CENTURIES OF HUMANITY'S AGONY AND SUFFERING*... KNOWLEGE EMBODIED IN THE *TWO INITIALS* THAT *FOLLOW HIS NAME*... YOUR *M.D.*...

JANIE SOME DAY

DIAGNOSIS: *Congenital Osteomyelitis* PROCEDURE: *Amputation !!*



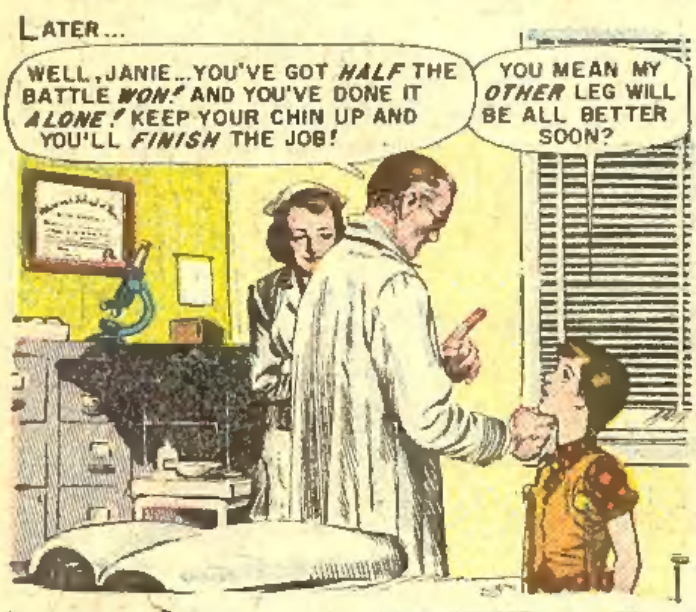


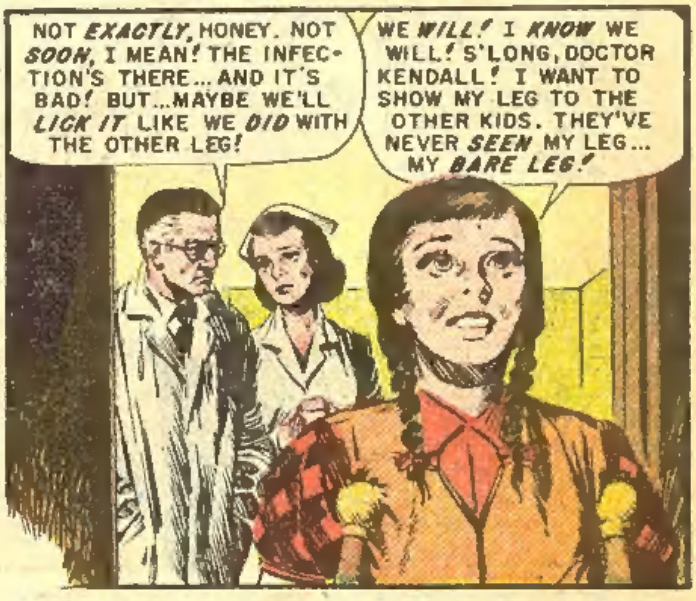


AS SOON AS WE CAN, MISS EMORY, JANIE KNOWS IT WON'T BE LONG NOW... ESPECIALLY FOR HER LEFT LEG. THAT CAST MIGHT EVEN COME OFF FOR GOOD TODAY! I'LL BET THE OTHER KIDS WOULD BE SURPRISED IF YOU WALKED OUT OF HERE WITH JUST ONE CAST, EH, JANIE?
GOLLY! WOULD THEY! WILL MY CAST COME OFF TODAY, DOCTOR?

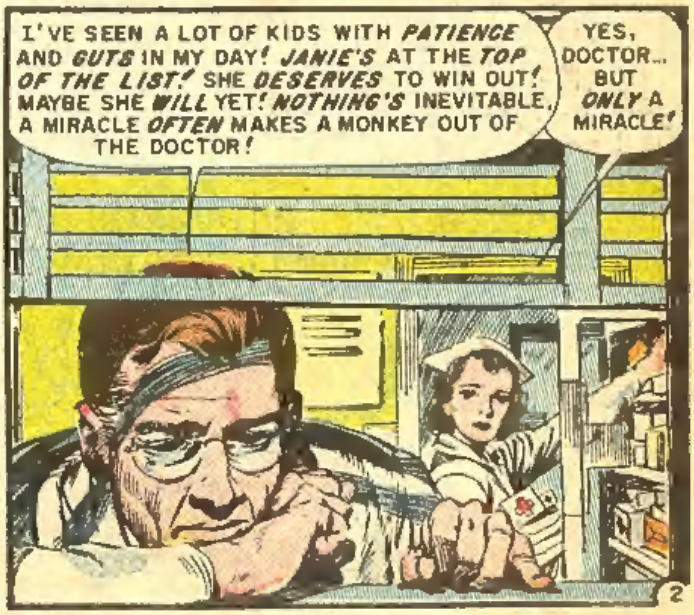
HMMM! YES! IT MOST CERTAINLY WILL! THE INFECTION'S COMPLETELY DISAPPEARED! IT WAS GONE TWO MONTHS AGO! I WANTED TO BE ABSOLUTELY SURE!
GOSH! I... I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'LL BE ABLE TO WALK ON IT, WON'T I? WITHOUT A CRUTCH!!

YOU WILL, JANIE... WHEN YOU GET USED TO IT! BUT THIS OTHER LEG... IT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME TIME! THE INFECTION'S STILL THERE! IT'S STILL OOZING! STERILE COTTON, MISS EMORY...


LATER...
WELL, JANIE... YOU'VE GOT HALF THE BATTLE WON! AND YOU'VE DONE IT ALONE! KEEP YOUR CHIN UP AND YOU'LL FINISH THE JOB!
YOU MEAN MY OTHER LEG WILL BE ALL BETTER SOON?


NOT EXACTLY, HONEY. NOT SOON, I MEAN! THE INFECTION'S THERE... AND IT'S BAD! BUT... MAYBE WE'LL LICK IT LIKE WE DID WITH THE OTHER LEG!
WE WILL! I KNOW WE WILL! S'LONG, DOCTOR KENDALL! I WANT TO SHOW MY LEG TO THE OTHER KIDS. THEY'VE NEVER SEEN MY LEG... MY BARE LEG!

I DON'T KNOW TOO MUCH ABOUT CONGENITAL OSTEO, DOCTOR... BUT EVEN I CAN SEE THAT THE OTHER LEG ISN'T COMING AROUND! ALL THAT PUSS YOU DRAINED FROM THE SHIN BONE INCISION...
I KNOW, MISS EMORY! THE LEG IS WORSE! THE INFECTION'S MOVING FURTHER UP THE LEG! BUT, CAN I TELL JANIE THAT?


I'VE SEEN A LOT OF KIDS WITH PATIENCE AND GUTS IN MY DAY! JANIE'S AT THE TOP OF THE LIST! SHE DESERVES TO WIN OUT! MAYBE SHE WILL YET! NOTHING'S INEVITABLE. A MIRACLE OFTEN MAKES A MONKEY OUT OF THE DOCTOR!
YES, DOCTOR... BUT ONLY A MIRACLE!

GOSHAMIGHTY, JAMIE! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR *LEG!?* THE *THING'S* GONE! THE *PLASTER THING!*

YEP! *FOREVER!* I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WEAR IT *AGAIN!* AS SOON AS I CAN *WALK* ON MY LEG, I'M GOING TO THROW THESE *CRUTCHES* AWAY!

WHAT ABOUT THE *OTHER* PLASTER THING?

OH, *THAT!* THAT'S COMING OFF *TOO*...SOON! SOON AS THE LEG'S *WELL!* THEN I'LL WALK *WITHOUT* ANY THINGS ON!

DOES IT *HURT* TO HAVE IT ON, JANIE? IT LOOKS SO *FAT* AND *FUNNY!*

IT...IT DOESN'T HURT A *BIT*... AND IT *HELPS* ME! IT MAKES ME GET *WELL! LOOK!* I CAN SWING MY LEG THROUGH! *SEE?!*

AW, YOU SHOWED US THAT *BEFORE!* CAN YOU *JUMP ROPE?* CAN YOU PLAY *CATCH?* CAN YOU EVEN *RUN* A TINY BIT?

NO! YOU *CAN'T!* SO WHAT *GOOD* IS IT? ALL YOU CAN DO IS *WATCH!*

I WON'T *ALWAYS* WATCH! *I'M* GOING TO RUN AROUND *TOO*...*SOME DAY!*

SOME DAY! SOME DAY! IT'S *ALWAYS* SOME DAY! *JANIE SOME DAY! THAT'S* YOUR NAME!

AS LONG AS YOU CAN'T WALK ON YOUR *FEET*, YOU'RE *STILL A CRIPPLE!*

G'WAN *BEAT IT, YOU CRIPPLE!* GO LEARN TO *WALK!* WE GOT *GAMES* TO PLAY! *HEY, JIMMY! THROW IT T' ME...*

THAT...THAT'S HOW MUCH *YOU* KNOW! SOMEDAY I'LL RUN FASTER THAN *ALL* OF YOU! *THEN* YOU'LL BE SORRY YOU CALLED ME NAMES!

POOR KID! SHE'S *ALL ALONE!*

SHE'S *ALWAYS* BEEN ALONE, EVER SINCE SHE CAME TO HILLCREST FOUR YEARS AGO. I WONDER WHAT GOES THROUGH HER MIND? *LONGING? HOPE?* WHAT ELSE *COULD* BE IN HER MIND?

THAT *OTHER LEG*...HOW SOON THE *CAST* WILL COME OFF... SHE'S HOPING FOR *THAT!*

I GUESS SO! JANIE *LIVES* IN HOPE! SHE'S SUFFERED AND WAITED WHILE THE OTHER KIDS PLAYED. *LET'S HELP HER*, SHALL WE, MISS EMORY? LET'S *HOPE OURSELVES!*

AT THE NEXT PERIODIC CHECK-UP...

DOES IT LOOK *BETTER*, DOCTOR KENDALL? IS THE CAST GOING TO COME *OFF*?

NOT *YET*, JANIE! IT DOESN'T LOOK *WELL ENOUGH* YET! ER...MISS EMORY...

I KNOW, DOCTOR! *STERILE COTTON*...

TWO MONTHS LATER...

STERILE COTTON, MISS EMORY...

FOUR MONTHS LATER...

STERILE COTTON, MISS EMORY...

SIX MONTHS LATER...

STERILE COTTON, DOCTOR?

NO! NO MORE COTTON! BANDAGE THE LEG PLEASE, MISS EMORY!

YOU'RE...YOU'RE NOT PUTTING THE *CAST* BACK ON, DOCTOR? I...I DON'T HAVE TO *WEAR* IT ANY MORE?

NO, JANIE... YOU DON'T HAVE TO WEAR IT... *ANY MORE*...

THEN IT'S LIKE YOU *PROMISED!* YOU *SAID* THE OTHER CAST WOULD COME OFF! YOU *SAID* I'D BE ABLE TO WALK!

THAT'S *RIGHT*, JANIE! YOU *WILL* BE ABLE TO WALK!

BUT NOT WITH THIS LEG!

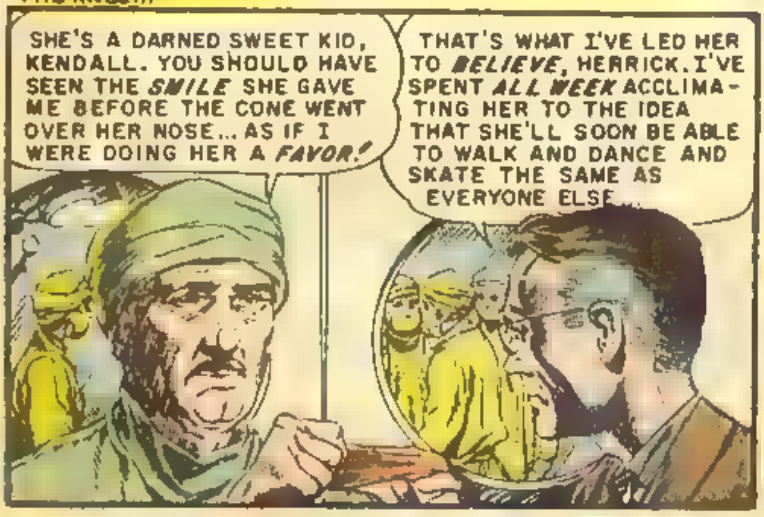
N-NOT...WITH *THIS* LEG?! I...I...

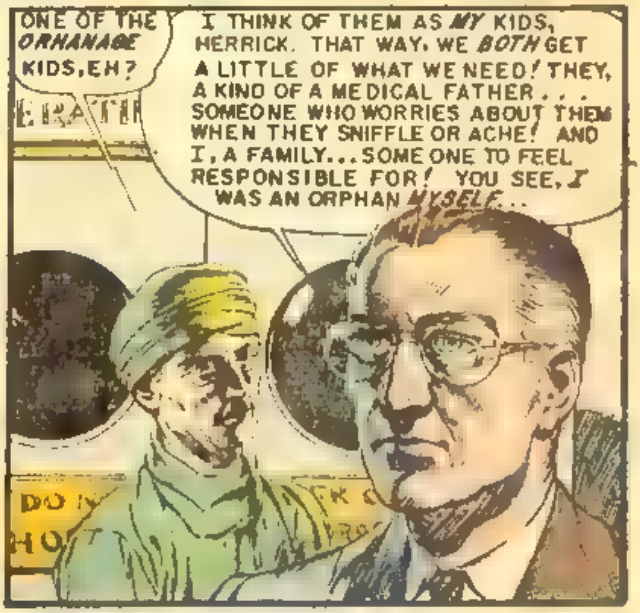
NO, HONEY! WITH *ANOTHER* LEG! A LEG *MUCH BETTER* THAN THIS ONE! TRY TO UNDERSTAND. THE *DISEASE* IN THIS LEG...THE *GERM*...*WON'T STOP!* IT'S CREPT *HIGHER* AND *HIGHER!* WE CAN'T STOP IT ANY MORE BY SCRAPING THE BONE!

SO THERE'S ONLY *ONE WAY* TO STOP IT! A *GOOD WAY!* WE'RE...WE'RE GOING TO *TAKE AWAY* THIS SICK DISEASED LEG AND GIVE YOU A *NEW LEG!* A LEG NO DISEASE CAN CREEP INTO! A LEG THAT WILL LET YOU *WALK*...YES, EVEN *RUN!* I *PROMISE* YOU THAT, JANIE...

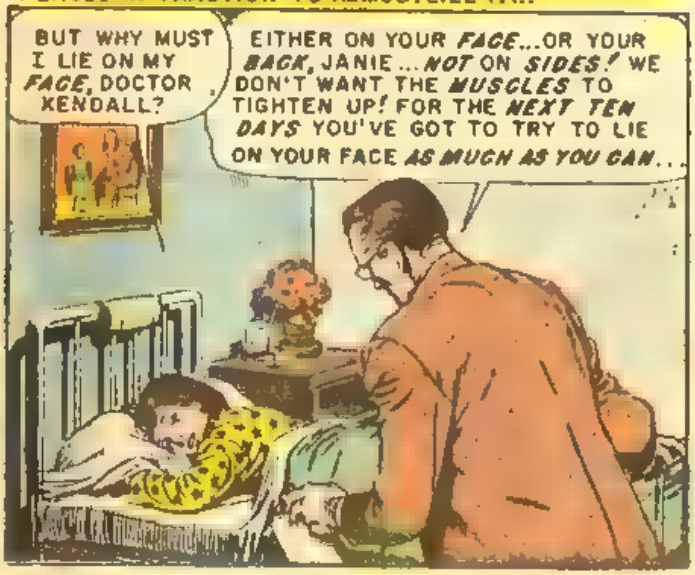
BUT IF IT ISN'T *M-MY* LEG...HOW CAN I *RUN* ON IT?

ONE WEEK LATER, JANIE WAS REMOVED FROM THE HILLCREST ORPHAN ASYLUM TO THE COUNTY HOSPITAL. THERE, DR. EMILE HERRICK, SURGEON, AMPUTATED HER RIGHT LEG JUST ABOVE THE KNEE...

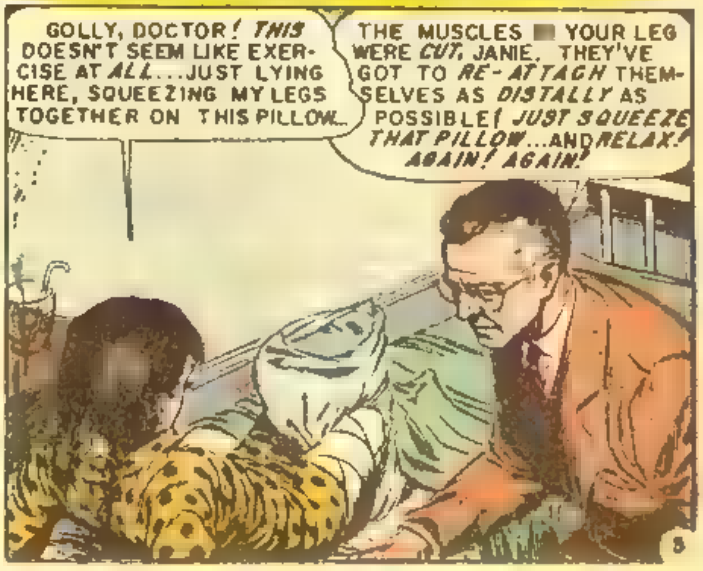




THE STUMP OF JANIE'S RIGHT LEG WAS IMMEDIATELY PLACED IN TRACTION TO IMMOBILIZE IT...



EXERCISES FOR INCREASING THE RANGE AND STRENGTH OF JANIE'S AMPUTATED LIMB WERE SOON BEGUN...



TRACTION WAS REMOVED AND BANDAGING OF THE STUMP BEGAN ON THE TENTH POST-OPERATIVE DAY...

BUT, *WHY?!* THEY'RE *ALWAYS* BANDAGING ME! *BANDAGING* AND *BANDAGING!*

THEY *HAVE* TO DO THAT, JANIE... AND FOR A LONG TIME TO COME! IT SPEEDS UP THE SHRINKAGE OF THE FATTY TISSUE AND PREVENTS *EDEMA!* THEN YOUR NEW LEG WILL FIT NICE AND CLOSE AND TIGHT...

ON THE FOURTEENTH DAY, JANIE'S GAIT TRAINING BEGAN...

JANIE'S DOING *FINE* WITH HER GAIT TRAINING, DOCTOR. SHE USES THE RAILS AND CRUTCHES LIKE A *VETERAN*...

SHE IS A VETERAN, MISS PEABODY!

RESISTIVE STUMP EXERCISES WERE BEGUN AFTER THE THIRD WEEK...

THAT'S IT, JANIE! *ROTATE IT!*

PULL JANIE! *PULL!*

WE'LL *INCREASE* THE PULLEY WEIGHT THIS TIME!

FOUR WEEKS AFTER HER OPERATION, JANIE WAS DISCHARGED FROM THE HOSPITAL...

BUT I-I *THOUGHT* WHEN I CAME *HOME* I'D HAVE MY *NEW LEG!* WHEN THE KIDS *SEE* ME...

TELL THEM IT'S *COMING!* IT *IS,* JANIE... ONLY YOU NEED *MORE BANDAGING* AND *EXERCISE* BEFORE YOU CAN BE FITTED!

WHEN JANIE AND DR. KENDALL CAME THROUGH THE ORPHANAGE GATES...

LOOK, DOCTOR! THEY'RE... THEY'RE ALL *STARING* AT ME!

GO AHEAD, JANIE! TELL THEM ALL ABOUT WHAT *HAPPENED* TO YOU IN THE *HOSPITAL.* TELL THEM ABOUT THE *NEW LEG* THAT'S COMING...

BUT TEN MINUTES LATER...

D-DOCTOR KENDALL! QUICK! GASP... *IT'S JANIE!*

WHAT!? WHAT'S *HAPPENED?!*

JANIE WAS LYING ON THE GROUND SOBBING. THE OTHER CHILDREN WERE NOWHERE TO BE SEEN...

JANIE! WHAT *IS* IT? WHAT'S THE *MATTER?*

Y-YOU DIDN'T *TELL* ME! YOU... SOB... YOU *LIED* TO ME! *THEY* TOLD ME! *THE KIDS! THEY* TOLD ME *THE TRUTH!*

THEY TOLD ME I'M GOING TO GET A *WOODEN LEG!* I DON'T... I... SOB... I DON'T *WANT* A WOODEN LEG! I DON'T *WANT* TO GO TIPPITY-TAP, TIPPITY-TAP LIKE THEY SAID...

NO, JANIE! THEY'RE *WRONG!* YOU'RE *NOT* GOING TO GO TIPPITY-TAP! YOU'RE *NOT* GETTING A WOODEN LEG! IT'S GOING TO BE *SOFT* AND *PINK* AND *STRONG!* YOU'RE GOING TO *WALK* ON IT AND *RUN* ON IT. YOU'RE GETTING AN *ARTIFICIAL LIMB!*

ONE MONTH LATER, A PROSTHETIST MEASURED JANIE FOR HER NEW LEG...

HER STUMP HAS POWER AND RANGE AND GOOD SHAPE, DOCTOR KENDALL. SHE SHOULDN'T HAVE TOO MUCH TROUBLE! YET SHE KEEPS OBJECTING TO THE IDEA!

I WONDER IF YOU'D DO ME A FAVOR... YOU KNOW!

OH, OF COURSE! *JANIE! LOOK! THIS* IS WHAT YOUR NEW LEG IS GOING TO *LOOK* LIKE!

YOU MEAN... *YOU...? THIS...!?*

THAT'S, *RIGHT*, JANIE! IT'S *NOT* A *REAL LEG!* YES, *I* WEAR ONE, *TOO!*

BUT IT... IT LOOKS ALMOST *REAL!* IT'S *NOT WOODEN!*

OF COURSE IT'S NOT WOODEN JANIE! IT'S... *ARTIFICIAL!*

THREE WEEKS LATER, JANIE'S PROSTHESIS ..HER NEW ARTIFICIAL LIMB...WAS FINISHED..

THE LIMB IS FITTED UP TO THE GROIN... FASTENED BY A BELT AROUND THE WAIST. A SINGLE BUCKLE, ATTATCHED TO THE BELT, HOLDS IT ON!

WELL, JANIE! YOU'VE *GOT IT! NOW* YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO *USE* IT. HOLD ON TO THE BARS! KEEP YOUR FEET FIVE INCHES APART! SHIFT YOUR WEIGHT FROM ONE FOOT TO THE OTHER! WATCH YOURSELF IN THE MIRROR!

JANIE'S PROSTHETIC TRAINING BEGAN. SHE LEARNED TO BALANCE... THEN TO WALK...THEN TO SIT... STAND... FALL... AND GET UP. SHE CONQUERED INCLINES AND STAIRS...

AND FINALLY...ONE DAY...

ALL RIGHT, JANIE! SHOW THE OTHER KIDS WHAT YOU CAN DO!

...JANE WALKED PROUDLY OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT OF THE ORPHANAGE YARD...

LOOK! IT'S *JANIE!* SHE'S *WALKING!* SHE'S GOT *TWO LEGS!*

...AS DR. KENDALL AND MISS EMORY BLINKED BACK TEARS..

GEE! YOU'RE NOT A *CRIPPLE* ANY MORE, JANIE!

HERE, JANIE! *CATCH...*

THE END

THE PAIN KILLER

A burly New York City police officer broke in the door to a dingy furnished room in a dismal tenement house on July 15, 1868 and looked down at the shabbily clad man sprawled on the rumpled bed. The officer did not know that he was gazing at the dead body of the man who had contributed much to the development of surgery and the humanitarian task of easing pain.

One could scarcely blame the policeman. The victim was a bearded fifty year old man who resembled any of the numerous derelicts living in this slum area. There was nothing to indicate that he was a professional man, a dentist, once highly respected in his profession. Nor was there any clue that this unknown had, some twenty two years earlier, conducted the first successful demonstration of ether as an anesthetic in major surgery.

The dead man was William Thomas Green Morton who had been a successful dentist in Boston, Massachusetts, when he turned to the search for some method to deaden the excrutiating pain endured by his patients as he worked on their teeth. Experiment and discussion with Dr. Charles T. Jackson, a noted Boston chemist, convinced the 27 year old Morton that sulphuric ether was the answer to his quest. He submitted to numerous ether inhalations, rendering himself unconscious. At last, fully satisfied that ether was an effective pain killer, he used it successfully in a tooth extraction on September 30, 1846.

Jubilant over the results of this pioneer effort, Morton persuaded Dr. J. C. Warren, chief surgeon of Massachusetts General Hospital, to permit him to publicly administer ether for a surgical operation which Warren was scheduled to perform. The surgeon reluctantly agreed and invitations were sent out to the medical profession in Boston. The cynical doctors, who regarded Morton as a charlatan, packed the operating room of the hospital on October 16, 1846. Until that momentous day, surgery was little better than refined butchery and torture. The patient's screams of agony were stifled by a gag and half a dozen strong men held the writhing patient on the table while the surgeons slashed through sinew, bone, muscle and nerve. Most operations were fatal and there was no such thing as minor surgery.

But on that day, the face of medicine was changed forever. The scoffers watched the patient fall into a deep sleep. The operation was done quickly, quietly and efficiently. Those who had sneered at Morton now cheered him. Ether was soon in common use and the modern era of surgery began.

For Morton, however, there was no reward. He had made powerful enemies because he had shown up some of the most important medical men of the period. They constantly harassed him. They claimed he had stolen his discovery. A sensitive man, Morton succumbed to these slanders. He slipped into obscurity and died penniless in New York City, a heartbroken man, while others reaped the financial success that was due him.

TO FILL THE BILL

DIAGNOSIS: *Tracheal Obstruction* PROCEDURE: *Emergency Tracheotomy*

QUESTION: WHAT MAN IS ALWAYS *FIRST* TO BE *CALLED*...YET VERY OFTEN *LAST* TO BE *PAID?*

ANSWER: HE WHOSE WORK IS NEVER FINISHED...WHOSE TIME ■ ALWAYS YOURS...WHO'LL CLIMB ENDLESS FLIGHTS OF STAIRS...PLOUGH THROUGH THE ICIEST DRIFTS...WORK FORTY-EIGHT SLEEPLESS HOURS AT A STRETCH TO SERVE YOUR NEEDS...TO EASE YOUR PAIN...TO SAVE YOUR LIFE! THIS PERSON IS NO MYSTERY, NO PUZZLE, NO STRANGER! HE IS ACTUALLY THE MOST FAMILIAR, COMFORTING, IMPORTANT MAN IN YOUR LIFE! YOUR *FAMILY DOCTOR!*

I *DON'T* IGNORE HIS BILLS! I JUST THINK THERE ARE A FEW MORE DEBTS THAT ARE *MORE* IMPORTANT! I SAY HE DOESN'T *NEED* THE MONEY! DOCTORS MAKE A *NICE PILE*, THESE DAYS!

JIM SAUNDERS! I'M *ASHAMED* OF YOU!

WELL, IF HE WAS *SORE* ABOUT IT, OR IF HE *NEEDED* THE MONEY, HE'D LET ME *KNOW* ABOUT IT. HE WOULDN'T *COME* WHEN I CALL HIM!

THE *REASON* DR. BENNETT COMES... EVEN THOUGH YOU *OWE* HIM MONEY.... IS BECAUSE HE HAS A *HEART!* WHICH IS MORE THAN *YOU'VE* GOT!

WHO HASN'T GOT A HEART!? IT'S *MONEY* I HAVEN'T GOT! *MONEY!* M!..O!. N!..E!..Y!

YOU COULD HAVE TAKEN A *LITTLE* OFF EACH OF THOSE PAYMENTS YOU'RE SENDING OUT AND *PAY* DOCTOR BENNET *SOMETHING!* *THEN* I WOULDN'T FEEL *ASHAMED* NEXT TIME I *CALL* HIM!

YEAH, WELL *YOU* WOULDN'T HAVE A PHONE TO *CALL WITH* IF I DIDN'T SEND 'EM A CHECK. THE *PHONE COMPANY* DOESN'T WANT TO KNOW FROM *NOTHING!* DON'T *PAY 'EM* AND THEY'LL *PULL* THE THING *OUT!*

TELL ME SOMETHING, MR. FINANCIAL WIZARD! WHERE WOULD *YOU* BE AT THE END OF THE WEEK IF *YOUR* BOSS DECIDED TO PAY ONLY THE *PHONE BILL* AND LET *YOU* GO HANG?!

DON'T BE *CRAZY!* I BELONG TO A *UNION!* *WE* GET PAID *FIRST!* OR *ELSE!* YOU THINK I'M *NUTS?!* YOU THINK I'D SWEAT OVER A MACHINE ALL DAY, AND GET PAID OFF IN *PROMISES...!*

EXACTLY! BUT YOU DON'T EVEN SEND *PROMISES* TO *DOCTOR BENNETT!* YOU DON'T EVEN ACKNOWLEDGE HIS *STATEMENTS!*

RIGHT! IT'S PART OF A *MASTER PLAN!* IF I *DON'T* PAY HIM, MAYBE HE'LL GET *TIRED* OF SENDING ME STATEMENTS! *OKAY!?* NOW LEAVE ME *ALONE*, WILL YOU? I'VE GOT *ENOUGH* HEADACHES WITHOUT *YOU* BENDING MY EAR...!

I'LL LEAVE YOU ALONE... WHEN YOU SIT DOWN AND WRITE A *CHECK* TO DOCTOR BENNETT FOR $25.00!

THE CHECKS ARE ALL *WRITTEN!* I'VE GOT *FIVE BUCKS* LEFT IN THE ACCOUNT! *BESIDES!* *WHO YOU GIVING ORDERS TO?*

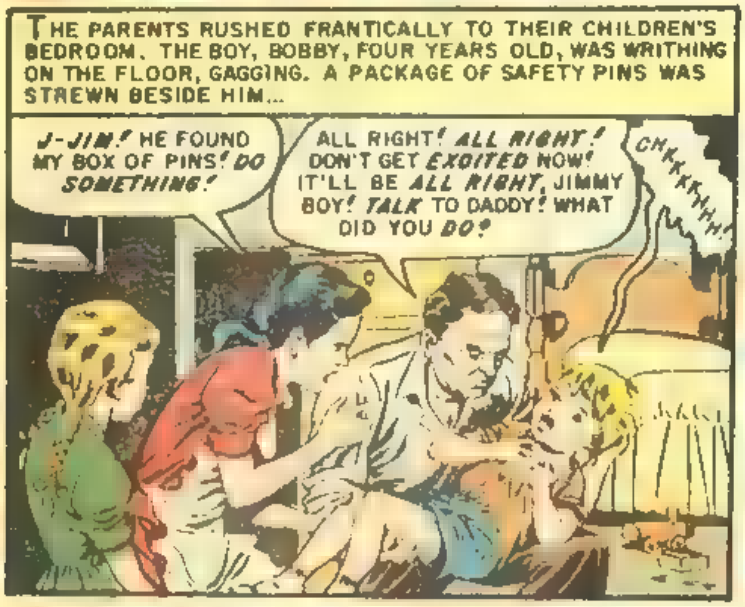
YOU! LET THE PAYMENT ON THE *REFRIGERATOR* GO TILL *NEXT WEEK!* *WRITE THAT CHECK!*

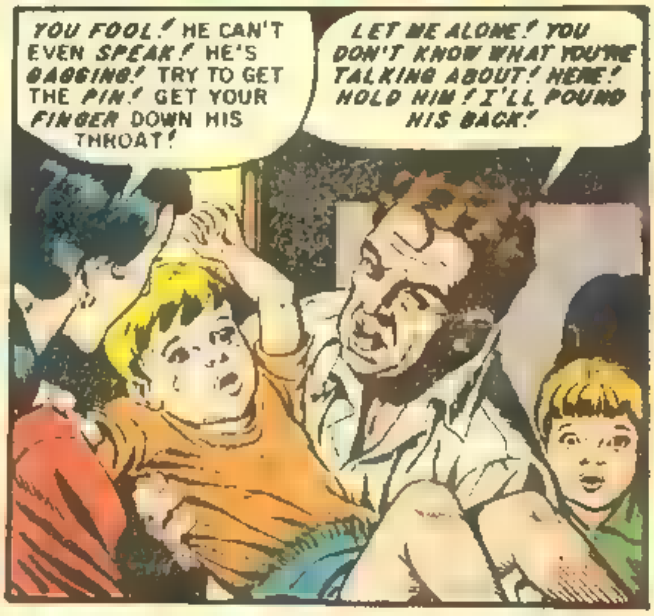
MA!

I WILL NOT! I SAID HE CAN WAIT.. AND HE CAN WAIT!
MA! COME QUICK!
GO AWAY AND LEAVE US ALONE, LAURIE! YOUR FATHER AND I ARE BUSY! NOW LISTEN, JIM...

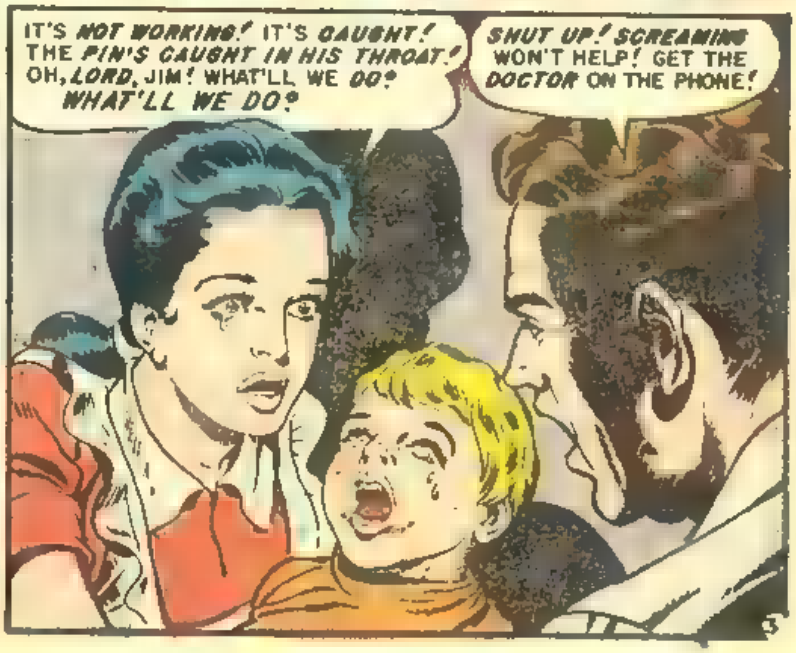
I WILL NOT LISTEN! I AM THROUGH LISTENING! I...
MA! IT'S BOBBY! SOB! HE'S CHOKING!
HE... WHAT!?

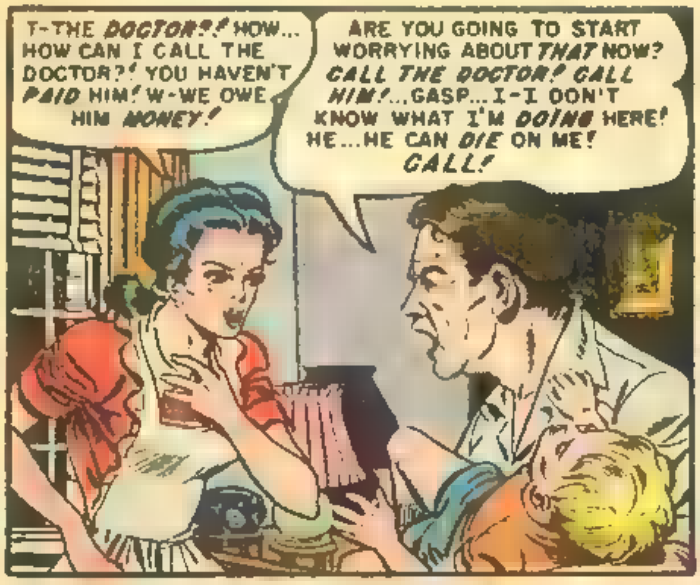
I...I THINK HE S-SWALLOWED A SAFETY PIN, MA! HE'S CHOKING! HE'S CHOKING!
JIM!
GOOD LORD!

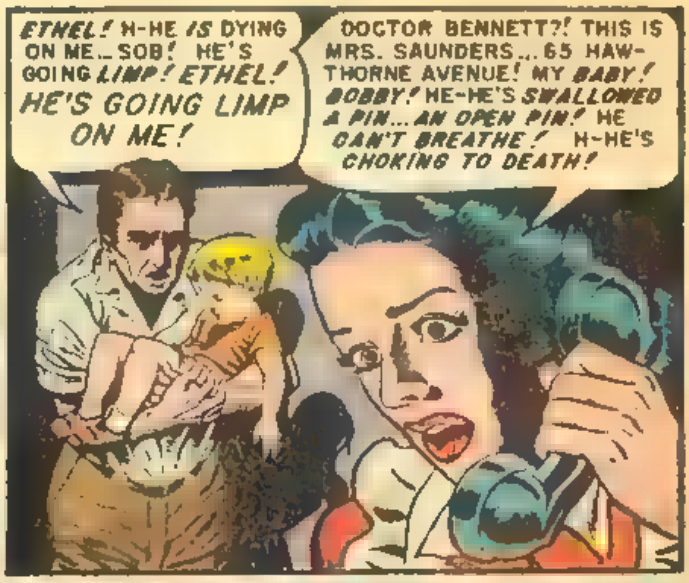

THE PARENTS RUSHED FRANTICALLY TO THEIR CHILDREN'S BEDROOM. THE BOY, BOBBY, FOUR YEARS OLD, WAS WRITHING ON THE FLOOR, GAGGING. A PACKAGE OF SAFETY PINS WAS STREWN BESIDE HIM...
J-JIM! HE FOUND MY BOX OF PINS! DO SOMETHING!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! DON'T GET EXCITED NOW! IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT, JIMMY BOY! TALK TO DADDY! WHAT DID YOU DO?
CHKKKHHH!

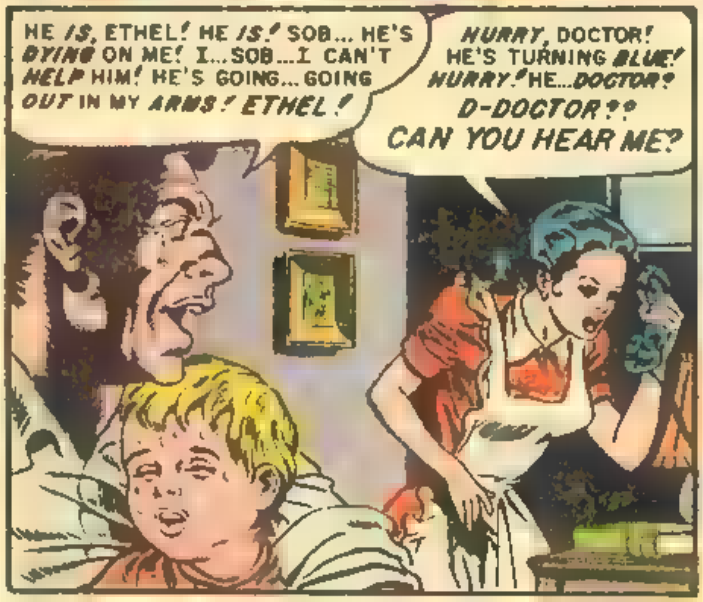

YOU FOOL! HE CAN'T EVEN SPEAK! HE'S GAGGING! TRY TO GET THE PIN! GET YOUR FINGER DOWN HIS THROAT!
LET ME ALONE! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT! HERE! HOLD HIM! I'LL POUND HIS BACK!

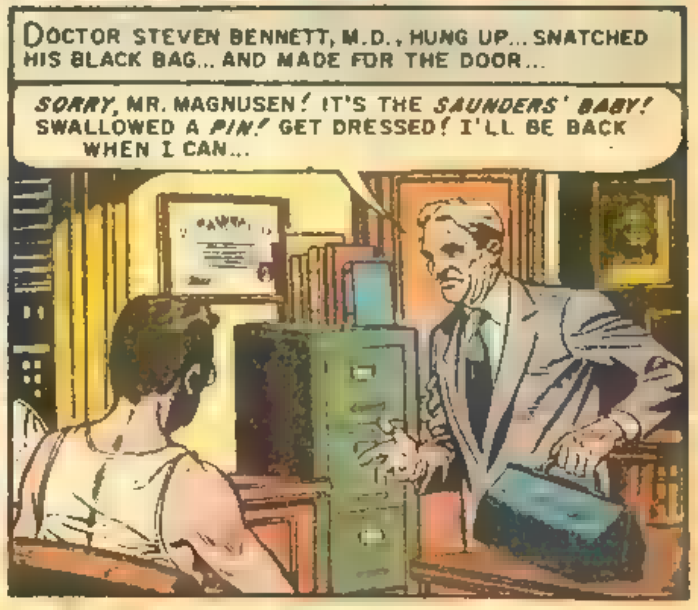
C'MON, BOY! COUGH IT UP! C'MON! JIMMY! JIMMY!
POUND HIM HARDER! POUND HIM HARDER!


IT'S NOT WORKING! IT'S CAUGHT! THE PIN'S CAUGHT IN HIS THROAT! OH, LORD, JIM! WHAT'LL WE DO? WHAT'LL WE DO?
SHUT UP! SCREAMING WON'T HELP! GET THE DOCTOR ON THE PHONE!


T-THE DOCTOR?! HOW... HOW CAN I CALL THE DOCTOR?! YOU HAVEN'T PAID HIM! W-WE OWE HIM MONEY!
ARE YOU GOING TO START WORRYING ABOUT THAT NOW? CALL THE DOCTOR! CALL HIM!...GASP...I-I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'M DOING HERE! HE...HE CAN DIE ON ME! CALL!


ETHEL! H-HE IS DYING ON ME...SOB! HE'S GOING LIMP! ETHEL! HE'S GOING LIMP ON ME!
DOCTOR BENNETT?! THIS IS MRS. SAUNDERS...65 HAWTHORNE AVENUE! MY BABY! BOBBY! HE-HE'S SWALLOWED A PIN...AN OPEN PIN! HE CAN'T BREATHE! H-HE'S CHOKING TO DEATH!

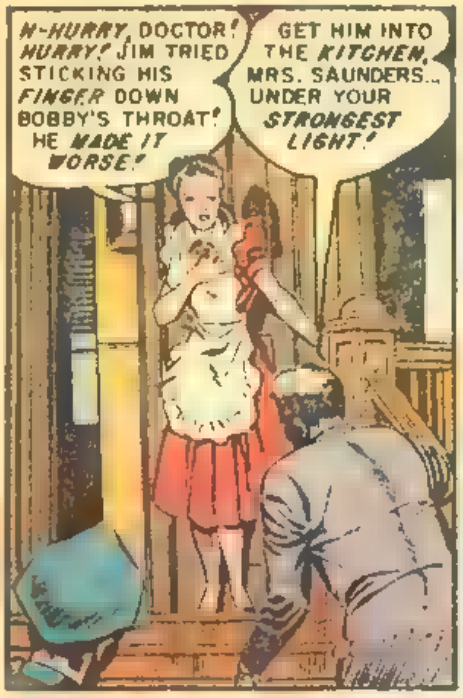

HE IS, ETHEL! HE IS! SOB... HE'S DYING ON ME! I...SOB...I CAN'T HELP HIM! HE'S GOING...GOING OUT IN MY ARMS! ETHEL!
HURRY, DOCTOR! HE'S TURNING BLUE! HURRY! HE...DOCTOR? D-DOCTOR?? CAN YOU HEAR ME?


DOCTOR STEVEN BENNETT, M.D., HUNG UP... SNATCHED HIS BLACK BAG... AND MADE FOR THE DOOR...
SORRY, MR. MAGNUSEN! IT'S THE SAUNDERS' BABY! SWALLOWED A PIN! GET DRESSED! I'LL BE BACK WHEN I CAN...

THE MIDDLE-AGED DOCTOR RACED ALONG THE TENEMENT STREETS...
DOC! WHAT'S WRONG? WHERE YOU GOIN'?
THE SAUNDERS' BABY...SWALLOWED AN OPEN PIN! PHONE ...FOR AN AMBULANCE! I DIDN'T...HAVE TIME!

...PAST A PROWL CAR REPORTING IN...
EMERGENCY, DOC?
THE SAUNDERS BOY...SWALLOWED...PIN! I MIGHT... NEED...HELP...
SURE THING! LET'S GO, ED!

...TO 65 HAWTHORNE AVENUE...
REST UP A MINUTE, DOC...
C-CAN'T! GASP! EVERY...GASP... SECOND...COUNTS! GET...THE...DOOR... OPEN...
RIGHT, DOC...


N-HURRY, DOCTOR! HURRY! JIM TRIED STICKING HIS FINGER DOWN BOBBY'S THROAT! HE MADE IT WORSE!
GET HIM INTO THE KITCHEN, MRS. SAUNDERS... UNDER YOUR STRONGEST LIGHT!

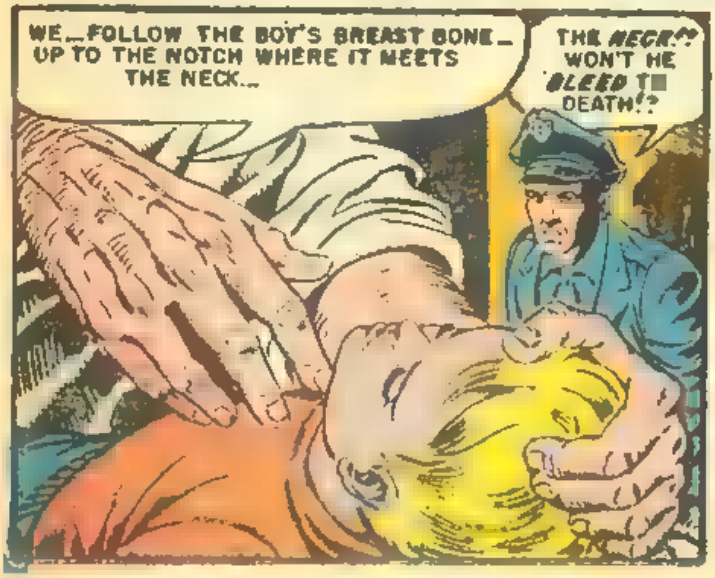
THE BOY WAS BROUGHT INTO THE KITCHEN...
T-THIS KID IS BAD, DOC! HE'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THE HOSPITAL!
OF COURSE HE WON'T! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S PASSING OUT! HE'S DYING, I TELL YOU! DYING!
PLEASE, MR. SAUNDERS! PANIC WILL GET US NOWHERE! PUT HIM ON THE TABLE...

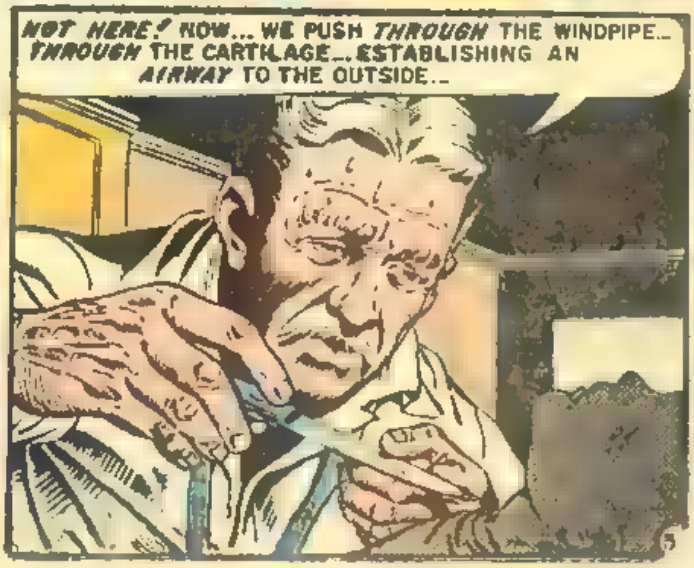
YOU'RE RIGHT! WE CAN'T WAIT FOR THE AMBULANCE! THE CHILD IS CYANOTIC RIGHT NOW! MRS. SAUNDERS...GET ME YOUR SHARPEST KITCHEN KNIFE! OFFICER...DO YOU HAVE A FOUNTAIN PEN?

D-DOCTOR! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO TO HIM?
THE BOY CANNOT BREATHE, MR. SAUNDERS! I'M GOING TO PERFORM A TRACHEOTOMY!

HERE!?
YES, HERE! THE KNIFE, MRS. SAUNDERS!? IS IT SHARP?
I...I... CHOKE...I SHARPENED IT...TONIGHT... SOB...

WE'VE GOT TO GO INTO HIS WIND-PIPE...BELOW THE PIN! WE'VE GOT TO OPEN IT UP SO HE CAN BREATHE!


WE...FOLLOW THE BOY'S BREAST BONE... UP TO THE NOTCH WHERE IT MEETS THE NECK...
THE NECK!? WON'T HE BLEED TO DEATH!?


NOT HERE! NOW... WE PUSH THROUGH THE WINDPIPE... THROUGH THE CARTILAGE...ESTABLISHING AN AIRWAY TO THE OUTSIDE...

THE INCISION WAS MADE..

THERE! NOW WE'VE GOT TO KEEP THAT INCISION OPEN! OFFICER? THAT FOUNTAIN PEN?

RIGHT HERE, DOC! BUT...

I'LL NEED THE CAP! TAKE THE KNIFE! CUT OFF THE CLOSED END!

GOT YOU, DOC...

THE OFFICER WORKED SWIFTLY. THE DOCTOR INSERTED THE CAP INTO THE TRACHEA...

THE OPENED CAP WILL SERVE AS A TUBE THROUGH WHICH AIR CAN MOVE EASILY DOWN INTO HIS LUNGS. IT WILL ALSO KEEP THE INCISION OPEN! NOW...

THERE'S A TWEEZER IN MY BAG...

GOT IT!

THE DOCTOR TOOK THE TWEEZERS..

LUCKILY, THE INCISION IS JUST BELOW THE OPEN PIN! WE WON'T NEED A LARYNGOSCOPE OR BRONCHOSCOPE! I CAN GET TO IT WITH THESE...

THERE WE ARE...

HE... HE GOT IT!

LOOK! THE COLOR IS COMING BACK INTO HIS CHEEKS!

OH, DOCTOR! DOCTOR... SOB..

THERE, THERE, MRS SAUNDERS! WE WERE LUCKY! HE'S GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT!

THREE MINUTES LATER, THE AMBULANCE ARRIVED. THE BOY WAS TAKEN TO THE HOSPITAL WHERE THE EMERGENCY TRACHEOTOMY WAS COMPLETED. AND THEN, ONE HOUR LATER..

DOC... I... I DON'T WANT TO MAKE ANY EXCUSES! I-I'M TOO ASHAMED OF MYSELF! BUT... WELL... HERE'S WHAT I OWED YOU... UP TO TONIGHT! I KNOW IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME COMING, BUT..

BUT, NOTHING, MR SAUNDERS! I'M GLAD THE BOY'S ALL RIGHT! THAT'S PAYMENT ENOUGH FOR ME! I KNOW YOUR SITUATION. PAY ME WHEN YOU CAN.

THE DOCTOR WAVED AWAY THE CHECK AND MOVED DOWN THE CORRIDOR...

AND NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME! I LEFT MR. MAGNUSEN IN THE MIDDLE OF AN EXAMINATION.

GOOD-BYE DOCTOR! AND BLESS YOU...

I ALWAYS SAY "YOU CAN NEVER REALLY PAY 'EM ENOUGH!"

BROTHER! YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

THE END

COMING ATTRACTIONS!

The Roman Arena! The French Revolution! Napoleon!

HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

VALOR

THE OLD SWINEHERD LOOKED UP WITH HORROR AND AWE AS HIS TREMBLING HANDS WERE STRETCHED ACROSS A BOULDER AND HIS CHAINS WERE SHATTERED WITH THE BLOW OF A BATTLE-AXE...

M-MAJESTY!? YOU CALLED HIM "YOUR MAJESTY"!?

AYE! HE ■ ARTHUR OF AVALON!

THE SERF STOOD BREATHLESSLY...UNCOMPREHENDINGLY...WATCHING THE KNIGHT AND HIS RETENUE RIDE OFF INTO THE MIST. AND HE NO LONGER WORE CHAINS...

ARTHUR...? ARTHUR OF AVALON...? KING ARTHUR!?

SCREAMING ACTION! BLAZING GUNS! EXPLODING FURY!

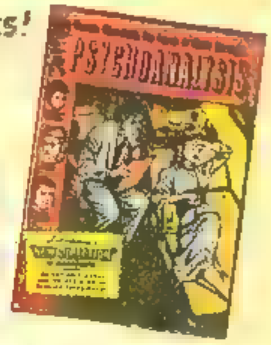
TAKE TO THE COMBAT SKIES IN E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAG...

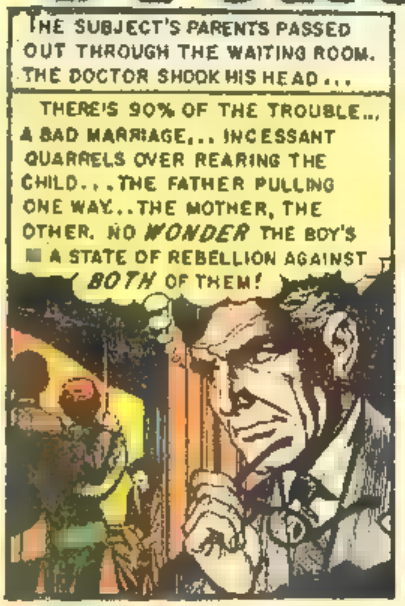
ACES HIGH

YES, THAT'S HOW IT *WAS*. EVERY DAY, WE *GALLANTLY FOUGHT* A *GALLANT ENEMY... WITHOUT REALLY HATING HIM!* WE COULDN'T EVEN HATE THE JERRIES A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, WHEN *IT* HAPPENED. THE C.O., COL. MIKE PEPPER, HAD LED EIGHTEEN OF US OVER *JAGSTAFFEL II'S* AIRDROME. WE'D DROPPED LOW OVER THE FIELD, BUZZING VON KRUESLING'S H.Q., "THROWING DOWN THE GAUNTLET"...

And now, the most revolutionary idea ever presented in comics! Discover the innermost secrets of people searching for peace of mind in E.C.'s "New Direction" mag...

PSYCHOANALYSIS





AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED! AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRESENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

LOOK FOR THEM ON YOUR NEWSSTANDS!

IF YOU'D LIKE TO SUBSCRIBE TO ANY AND/OR ALL OF THESE "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS, FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW, ENCLOSE $1.00 FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION, AND MAIL TO...

ENTERTAINING COMICS
ROOM 706
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

PLEASE SEND ME 8 ISSUES OF THE MAGAZINE(S) I HAVE CHECKED. I ENCLOSE ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) FOR EACH SUBSCRIPTION.

NAME _____

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STATE _____

☐ IMPACT ☐ ACES HIGH

☐ VALOR ☐ PSYCHOANALYSIS

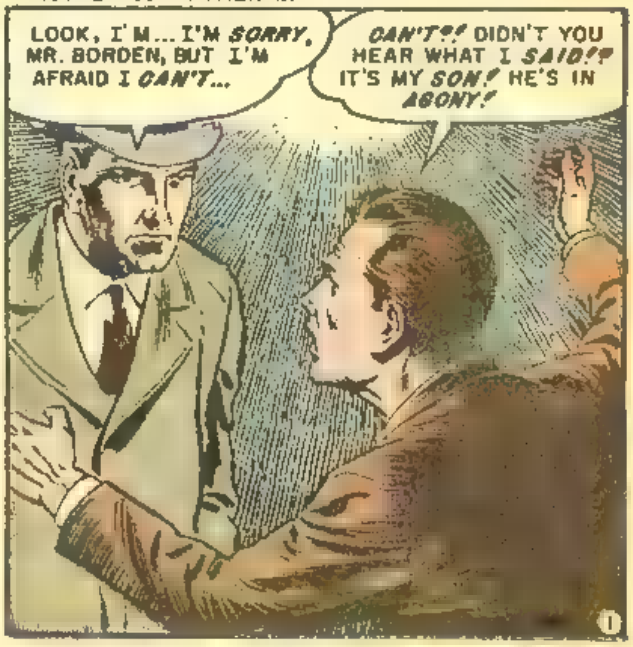
☐ EXTRA! ☐ MAD ☐ PANIC ☐ PIRACY

THE ANTIDOTE

DIAGNOSIS: *Acute Appendicitis* PROCEDURE: *Emergency Appendectomy*

YOUR NAME IS WILLIAM T. ANDERS. YOU'RE A DOCTOR, AN M.D. YOU GET HOME JUST BEFORE MIDNIGHT. IT'S BEEN A LONG DAY. YOUR EVENING CALLS HAVE TAKEN LONGER THAN THEY NORMALLY DO, AND YOU STILL HAVE THAT APPOINTMENT AT THE HOSPITAL. BUT THE MAN WHO IS WAITING FOR YOU WHEN YOU STEP FROM YOUR CAR IS NOT CONCERNED WITH ALL THAT. HIS FACE GLEAMS PALE AND TENSE IN THE DARKNESS AS HE RUNS TOWARD YOU. AND HIS WORDS ARE THE CLARION CALL THAT THE M.D. HEARS SO OFTEN...THE PLEA WHICH YOUR HIPPOCRATIC OATH BINDS YOU NEVER TO IGNORE ...

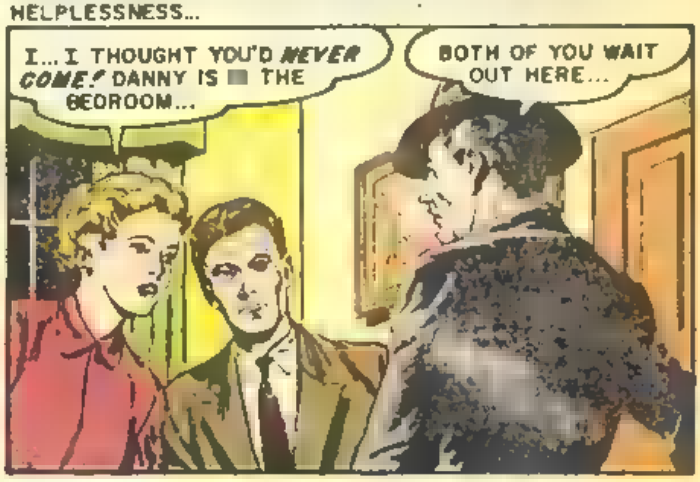
YOU KNOW THE MAN. JAMES BORDEN. YOU TREAT HIS WIFE AND SON FOR MINOR AILMENTS. BUT TONIGHT...IT'S JUST IMPOSSIBLE! YOU HAVE ANOTHER COMMITMENT...



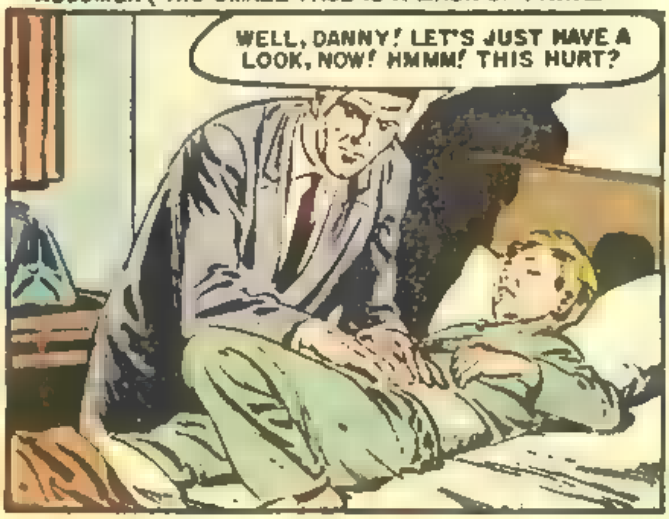
HEARTLESS?! IT'S TAKEN A WEEK TO ARRANGE TO HAVE ALLISTER FLY IN FROM CHICAGO. AND BRAIN SURGERY IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS. YOU'LL PROBABLY BE IN CONSULTATION WITH ALLISTER HALF THE NIGHT. BUT MR. BORDEN DOESN'T KNOW THAT...

YOU HURRY INTO YOUR OFFICE JUST LONG ENOUGH TO PICK UP THE X-RAY PLATES YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING FOR A WEEK. ALLISTER WILL NEED THEM. THEN, YOU GO...

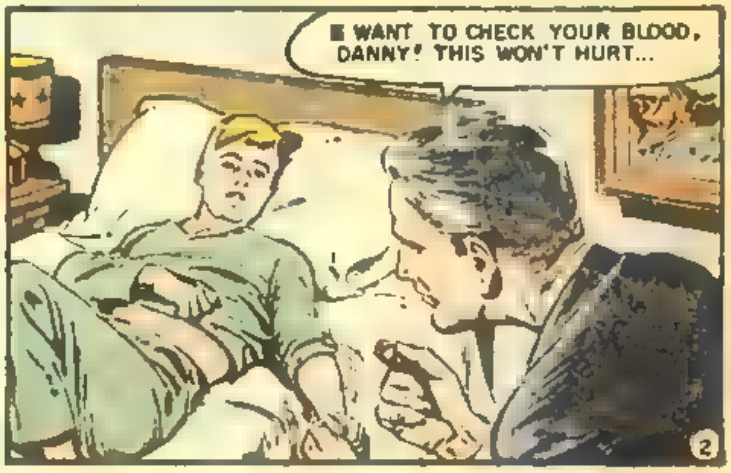
PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS THE SAME. WHEN YOU COME INTO THEIR HOMES, YOU CAN ALMOST SEE THEM RELAX. LIKE MRS. BORDEN. THE DOCTOR IS HERE AT LAST. NOW, EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT. THE DOCTOR IS THE ANTIDOTE...AGAINST FEAR...AGAINST UNCERTAINTY...AGAINST HELPLESSNESS...



THE BOY LIES WITH HIS LEGS DRAWN UP AND HIS HANDS PRESSING THE LOWER RIGHT HALF OF HIS ABDOMEN, HIS SMALL FACE IS A MASK OF PAIN...



THE SYMPTOMS ARE ALMOST CLASSIC. ABDOMINAL RIGIDITY. TEMPERATURE: 101, REBOUND TENDERNESS, PAIN WHEN PRESSURE ON ABDOMEN IS APPLIED AND WITHDRAWN. YOU REMOVE THE STERILE NEEDLE FROM YOUR BAG AND TAKE THE BOY'S THUMB...



YOU TAKE A B.C. ON THE SPOT. THE WHITE BLOOD CELL COUNT IS BETTER THAN 12,000. NOT TOO HIGH, BUT NOT NORMAL. THAT DOES IT

DOCTOR! WHAT *IS* IT?

ACUTE APPENDICITIS! WE'LL HAVE TO *OPERATE!* IF THE APPENDIX RUPTURES, PERITONITIS.. INFLAMATION OF THE ABDOMINAL MEMBRANE...FOLLOWS! IT CAN BE *FATAL!*

YOU PULL NO PUNCHES NOW. IT'S ALWAYS BEST FOR THE PATIENT TO KNOW THE FACTS. YOU CALL THE HOSPITAL, AND YOU'RE IN LUCK...

YOU *HAVE* A VACANT BED? *GOOD!* SEND AN AMBULANCE TO 463 LOCUST DRIVE. HAVE AN O.R. MADE READY. APPENDECTOMY! SEE IF YOU CAN REACH *LOWE* FOR *ANAESTHESIA* ...AND *MURROW* FOR *SURGERY!*

MURROW?! DOCTOR, I... I THOUGHT *YOU'D* OPERATE!

I'M NOT A *SURGEON*, MRS. BORDEN! BUT THERE'S *NO* NEED TO WORRY! *DOCTOR MURROW* IS A *GOOD MAN!*

BUT *YOU'LL* BE THERE!? DOCTOR, IF *YOU'RE* THERE I *KNOW* MY BOY WILL BE ALL RIGHT! *SAY* YOU'LL *BE* THERE!

I EXPLAINED TO YOUR *HUSBAND*, MRS. BORDEN! I HAVE *ANOTHER CASE* AT THE HOSPITAL AND I'M EXPECTING A *SPECIALIST*

YOU TRY TO EXPLAIN, BUT YOU SEE HOW MR. BORDEN LOOKS AT YOU. IF YOU TELL HIM THAT YOUR APPOINTMENT IS A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH, WILL THAT MATTER TO HIM? YOU SHRUG...

ALL RIGHT, MRS. BORDEN. *I'LL BE THERE!*

THE AMBULANCE ARRIVES IN MINUTES. THE BORDENS RIDE WITH THEIR SON AND YOU FOLLOW. THE SCREAMING SIREN RASPS ON YOUR NERVES...

YOU'RE TIRED...DEATHLY TIRED. AND YOU'RE WORRIED. WHAT IF ALLISTER SHOULD ARRIVE TOO LATE?! WHAT IF HE DOESN'T EVEN MAKE IT?! BUT THEN YOU'RE AT "EMERGENCY" AND THERE'S NO TIME FOR WORRYING...

I CHECKED WITH THE PARENTS, DOCTOR! THE BOY HASN'T *EATEN* SINCE *NOON!*

GOOD! THEN WE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE ANAETHESIA BRINGING ON *EXCESS NAUSEA!* CHECK HIM IN AND HAVE HIM PREPARED!

PRE-OPERATIVE HOSPITAL ROUTINE WILL READY THE BOY FOR SURGERY, BUT IT WILL TAKE A LITTLE TIME. SO YOU LEAD HIS PARENTS UPSTAIRS TO A WAITING ROOM...

YOU CAN WAIT *HERE* WITH YOUR WIFE, MR. BORDEN. IT WON'T TAKE LONG! JUST TRY NOT TO *WORRY!*

DOCTOR ANDREWS, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO *DO* TO DANNY?

WE'RE GOING TO *HELP* HIM, MRS. BORDEN. AND THERE'S NOTHING TO BE *AFRAID* OF, *BELIEVE* ME! SURGERY IS *ALWAYS* SERIOUS, BUT AN *APPENDECTOMY* IS RATHER A *SIMPLE* OPERATION. *HERE*...I'LL *SHOW* YOU...

YOU SKETCH HASTILY. IT'S ALWAYS BEST TO EXPLAIN. REMOVE THE MYSTERY AND YOU REMOVE MOST OF THE FEAR...

THIS IS THE APPENDIX, A VESTIGAL ORGAN WHICH HAS NO FUNCTION THAT WE KNOW OF. YOU CAN SEE THAT ITS REMOVAL IS RATHER EASY. IT IS ATTACHED HERE... TO THE LARGE INTESTINE. THE USUAL PROCEDURE...

YOU EXPLAIN, BUT YOU DO IT QUICKLY. THEN YOU HURRY UPSTAIRS. THE OTHERS ARE ALREADY IN THE O.R. WHEN YOU ARRIVE...

THEY'RE *WAITING*, DOCTOR...

YOU SCRUB YOUR HANDS AND FOREARMS STERILE. THE NURSE POWDERS YOUR HANDS, SNAPS SURGICAL GLOVES OVER THEM, ADJUSTS YOUR MASK, AND YOU'RE READY...

ALL RIGHT! LET'S BEGIN! ATROPINE...

RIGHT...

DR. LOWE, THE ANAESTHESIOLOGIST, MAKES THE INJECTION EXPERTLY. FOUR TENTHS OF A GRAIN OF ATROPINE, TO ARREST SALIVATION. EXCESS SALIVA CAN CLOG THE PATIENT'S LUNGS UNDER ETHER AND CAUSE PNEUMONIA...

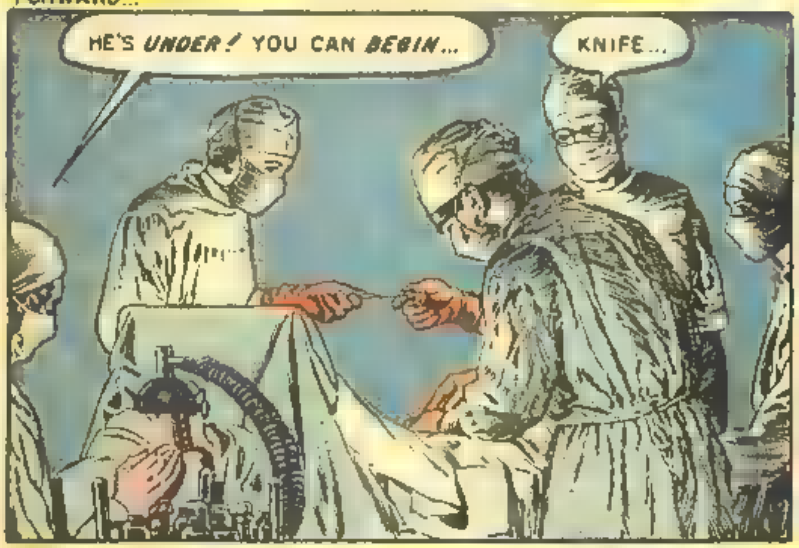
ETHER!

I SUGEST WE START HIM WITH *NITROUS OXIDE AND OXYGEN.* EIGHTY PERCENT TO TWENTY...

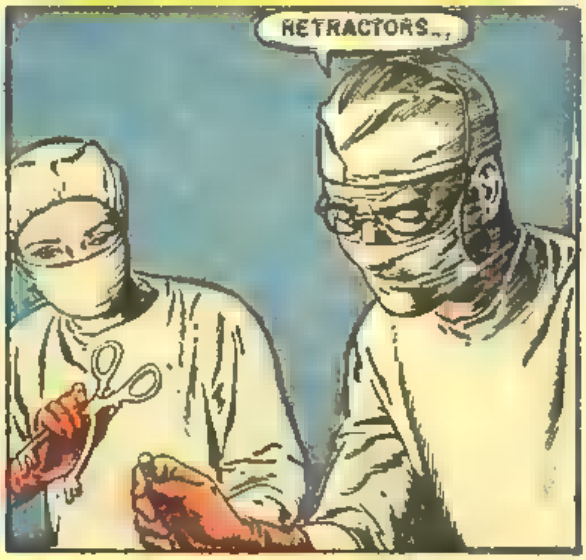
YOU NOD APPROVINGLY. OXIDE AND OXYGEN ARE LESS UNPLEASANT THAN ETHER. THE PATIENT DOESN'T FIGHT THEM. THE ETHER CAN COME LATER...

...SIXTY-FORTY...FIFTY FIVE-FORTY FIVE...FIFTY PERCENT OXYGEN-FIFTY PERCENT NITROUS OXIDE! *THAT* SHOULD DO IT! *NOW*, THE ETHER...

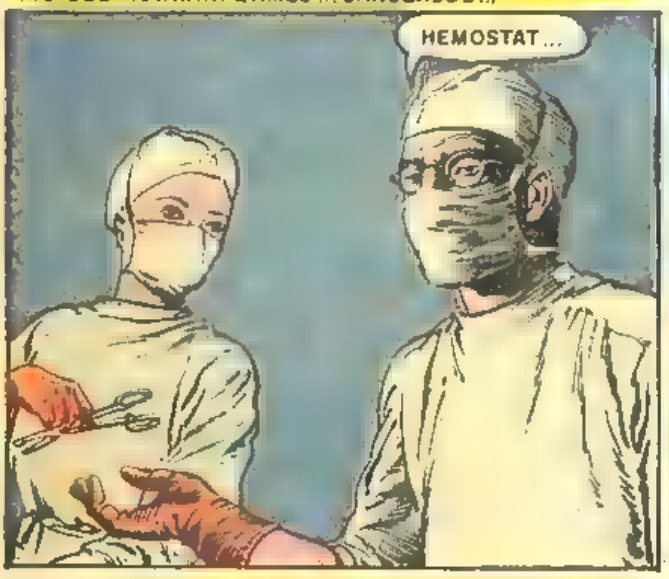
WHEN THE OXIDE-OXYGEN MIXTURE EQUALIZES, LOWE SWITCHES TO ETHER. THE R.N. SWABS THE OPERATIVE AREA WITH DISINFECTANT. THE TRAY OF STERILIZED INSTRUMENTS IS ROLLED FORWARD...



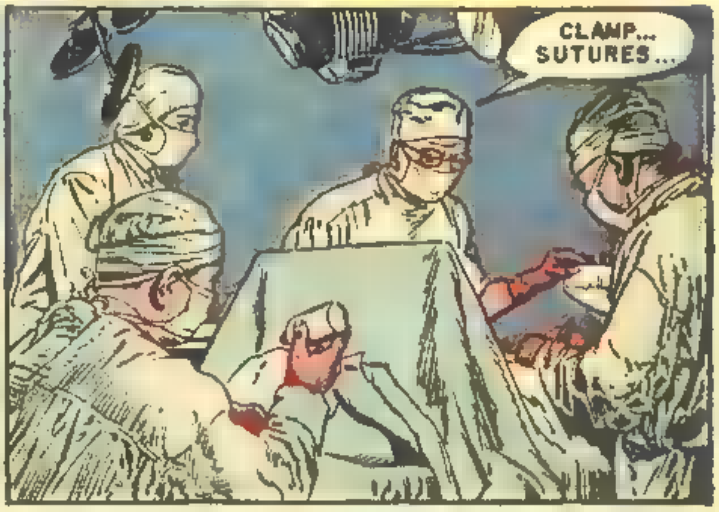
THE SCALPEL SLAPS AGAINST MURROW'S GLOVED HAND. ONE SURE DEFT STROKE...THEN ANOTHER...



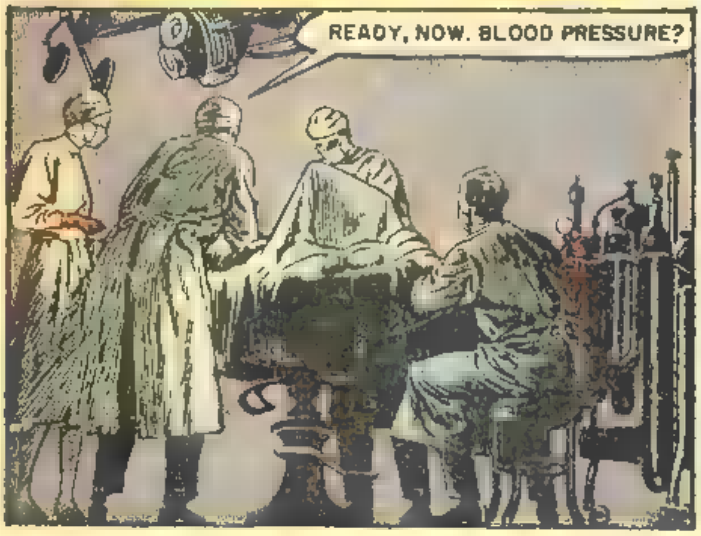
THE SURGEON'S ASSISTANT PLACES THE RETRACTORS TO HOLD THE INCISION OPEN. THE APPENDIX IS VISIBLE NOW...INFLAMED...DANGEROUS...



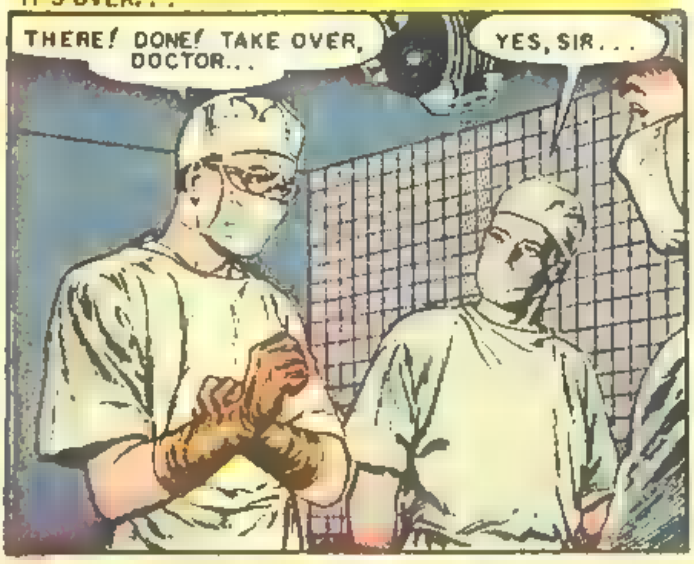
WHILE MURROW WORKS, THE ANAESTHESIOLOGIST CAREFULLY DRIPS ETHER ONTO THE LARGE GAUZE PAD OVER THE PATIENT'S NOSE AND MOUTH. HE ALSO CONTINUOUSLY CHECK'S DANNY'S BLOOD PRESSURE WITH A SPHYGMOMANOMETER...



THE APPENDICIAL ARTERY IS CLAMPED, CLOSE TO THE INTESTINE. THE SUTURES ARE STITCHED JUST ABOVE WHERE THE APPENDIX AND THE INTESTINE MEET, AND LEFT LOOSE...

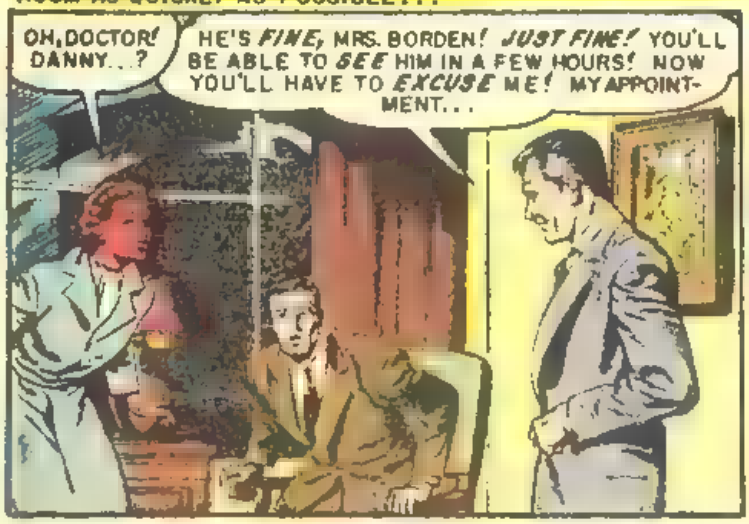


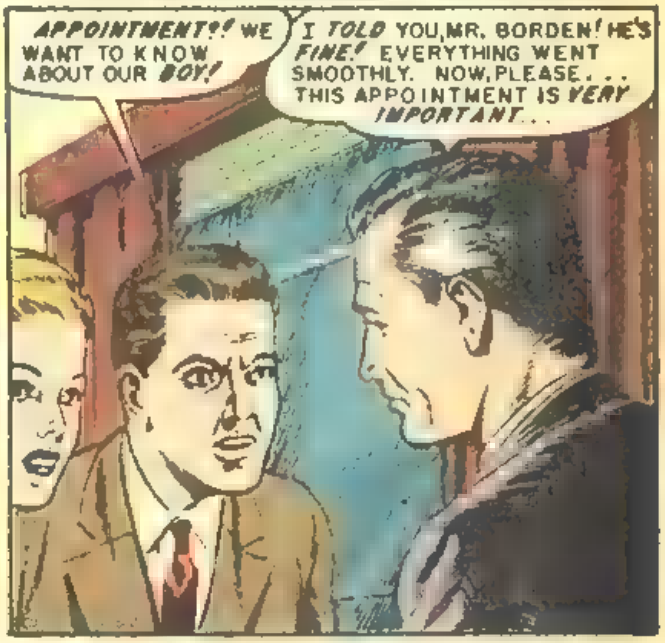
YOU'RE JUST STANDING BY, BUT YOU WATCH CLOSELY. MURROW IS A SKILLED SURGEON. HIS TECHNIQUE IS EXCELLENT. THE APPENDIX IS CLAMPED OFF, CUT, AND IT'S OVER...

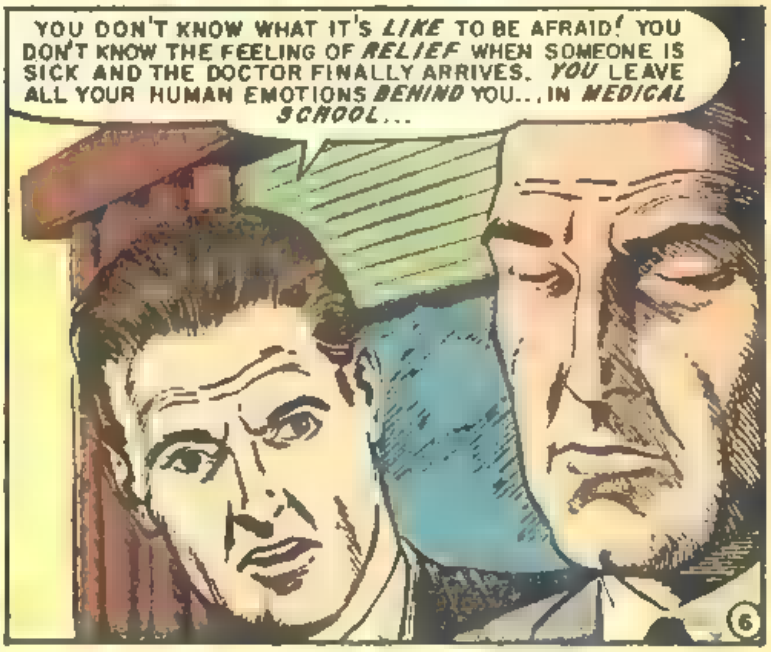


IT IS THE ASSISTANT WHO DRAWS THE LOOSE SUTURES TIGHT AND TIES THEM OFF, AND CLOSES THE INCISION. TWENTY ODD MINUTES HAVE PASSED. YOU FOLLOW MURROW OUT OF THE O.R. THERE'LL BE PATHOLOGICAL LAB TESTS LATER, BUT YOU'RE NOT WORRIED. THE APPENDIX HAD BEEN INFLAMED BUT IT HAD NOT RUPTURED...

MURROW KNOWS HOW GRATEFUL YOU ARE. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY IT. YOU GO BACK TO THINKING ABOUT YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH ALLISTER. YOU HURRY TO THE WAITING ROOM... TO THE BORDENS. YOU WANT TO GET TO THE CONSULTING ROOM AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE...





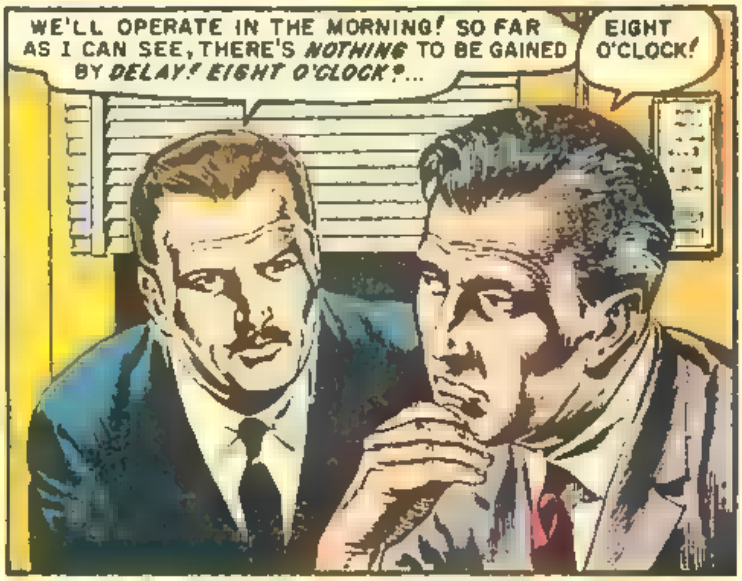


BORDEN RAVES ON AND ON. IT'S JUST NERVES... RELIEF FROM TENSION... BLOWING OFF STEAM. TOMORROW, HE'LL PROBABLY CALL TO APOLOGIZE. BUT, YOU HAVE NO TIME FOR HIS HYSTERICS NOW. ALLISTER IS WAITING..

YOU CHECK AT THE DESK. ALLISTER HASN'T ARRIVED YET. SO YOU WAIT IN THE CONSULTATION ROOM. YOU CHECK AND RE-CHECK THE PLATES YOU BROUGHT FROM YOUR OFFICE...

A BRAIN TUMOR DOES NOT REGISTER ON AN X-RAY PLATE. BUT THE DEPRESSION..WHERE THE TUMOR IS PRESSING AGAINST THE BRAIN TISSUE...IS PERFECTLY CLEAR. WHEN THE DOOR OPENS, YOU'RE SHAKING YOUR HEAD...

NEITHER YOU NOR ALLISTER WASTE TIME. THIS IS AN EMERGENCY. THAT'S WHY HE'S FLOWN IN. YOU BRING OUT YOUR WORK-UP ON THE PATIENT.. HAND ALLISTER THE PLATES.. AND SIT BACK AND WAIT..



YOU'RE TIRED... WORRIED...TENSED UP. BUT THEN, DOCTOR ALLISTER SMILES...AND THE TENSION SEEMS TO FLOW OUT OF YOU...

WHAT WAS IT BORDEN HAD SAID... ABOUT THE RELIEF WHEN THE DOCTOR FINALLY COMES? IT'S SO WONDERFUL TO BE ABLE TO RELAX...TO BE ABLE TO SIT BACK, KNOWING THAT SOMEONE ELSE WILL HANDLE THINGS NOW, SOMEONE YOU CAN TRUST...TO KNOW THAT YOUR DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED... AT LAST...

MEN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS
PRIZES GIVEN
MAKE MONEY TOO!
RADIO
ELECTRONIC TWO-WAY WALKIE-TALKIE
ROY ROGERS FLASH CAMERA
ROY ROGERS OR DALE EVANS LAMP
ROY ROGERS BINOCULARS
TEXAN JR GUITAR
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SPORTS EQUIPMENT
RED RYDER CARBINE
ROLLER SKATES
WALKING DOLL
HUNTING KNIFE AND AX
WOODBURNING SET
CHEMISTRY SET
JET ENGINE PLANE FLIES 500 FEET!
TYPEWRITER
WHITE ZIPPER BIBLE
UKELELE WITH ARTHUR GODFREY PLATER
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Rush us your name and address on coupon and we will ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send $6.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!
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EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!
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Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.
NAME ..... AGE .....
STREET or RFD .....
TOWN ..... Zone ..... STATE .....

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Address.....

City..... Zone..... State.....

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I'LL HELP YOU GET ALL YOU NEED!

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EASY TO EARN $50 TO $150 AND MORE IN JUST YOUR SPARE TIME!

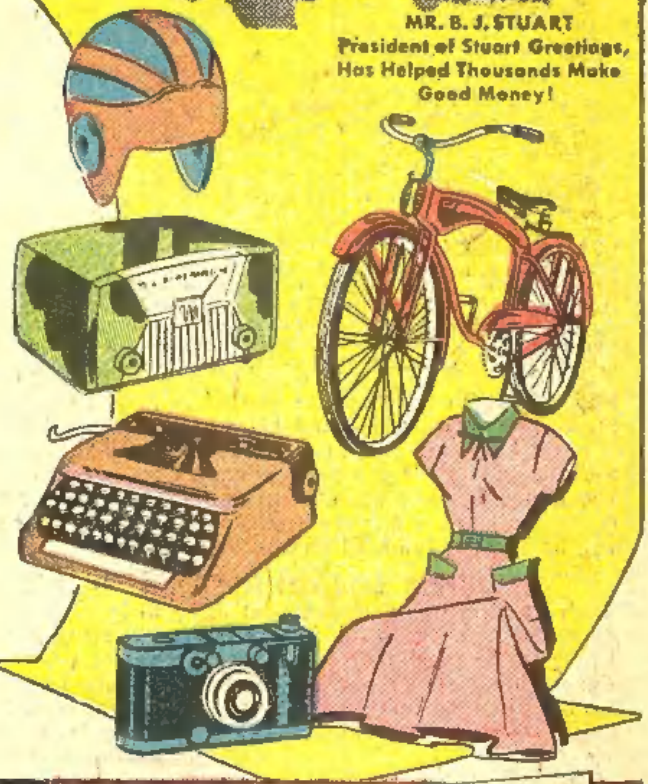
What do YOU want that money will buy? Whether it's new clothes, sporting equipment, household appliances, or anything else . . . just check the coupon. I'll show you how you can earn all the money you need, quickly and easily, taking orders for STUART Greeting Cards! And I'll send you everything you need to start earning right away.

YOU DON'T NEED EXPERIENCE!

It takes no special skill to sell a complete assortment of beautiful new Birthday and other Greeting Cards—a generous supply for year 'round use—for just $1.00. This exciting bargain really *sells itself.* All you do is show it to friends and neighbors and you keep up to HALF the price as your cash profit! Say you want anything that costs $50.00. Sell only 100 boxes and you've got the money! Folks will also want our exciting new Gift Items, Stationery, Gift Wrappings and the other fast-sellers in our big line. They help you earn still more easy money!

GET MONEY-MAKING KIT ON FREE TRIAL!

See for yourself how easy it is to get the money for anything you want. Check the coupon and mail it now. I'll send you a complete kit of samples including fast-selling assortments on FREE TRIAL and full facts on how to reach your goal fast. Don't delay. Act TODAY!



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Mr. B. J. Stuart, STUART GREETINGS
4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept. 306, Chicago 40, Ill.
Dear Mr. Stuart: I've checked off what I want money for:

- ☐ Sporting Equipment
- ☐ New Clothes
- ☐ Team Uniforms
- ☐ Electric Toaster
- ☐ Portable Radio
- ☐ .....

Please rush full facts on how to make the money, and sample kit of assortments ON FREE TRIAL.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

(If for a club, give its name below.)

.....

SEE HOW WELL OTHERS HAVE DONE!

This is the easiest and most dignified way to earn money for Scout camp, Christmas presents and spending money in general. *P.E., New York*

I made $21.75 in approximately 3 hours one afternoon. Everyone just loves these beautiful greeting cards and it's so easy to show and sell them. *C.R.P., North Carolina*

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4436-38 N. Clark St. Dept 306, Chicago 40, Ill.

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Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make $10, $15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.

You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon. Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician

TELEVISION

Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

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Our 40th Year

America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN

"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI."—Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.

"Made my first $100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than $10 a week, spare time."—Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.

"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street."—Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ."—Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.

BROADCASTING: Chief Technician, Chief Operator, Power Monitor, Recording Operator, Remote Control Operator. SERVICING: Home and Auto Radios, Television Receivers, FM Radios, P.A. Systems. IN RADIO PLANTS: Design Assistant, Technician, Tester, Serviceman, Service Manager. SHIP AND HARBOR RADIO: Chief Operator, Radio-Telephone Operator. GOVERNMENT RADIO: Operator in Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Forestry Service Dispatcher, Airways Radio Operator. AVIATION RADIO: Transmitter Technician, Receiver Technician, Airport Transmitter Operator. TELEVISION: Pick-up Operator, Television Technician, Remote Control Operator.

Start Soon to Make $10, $15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete, is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make $10, $15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-Television. Take NRI training for as little as $5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5B01, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

AVAILABLE to all qualified VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

Good for Both—FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept 5B01
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book, FREE. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

VETS write in date of discharge _____

Mail Today-Tested Way to Better Pay

Check the Kind of Body YOU Want! RIGHT IN THE COUPON BELOW

...and I'll Prove How EASILY You Can Have It!

Charles Atlas

Awarded the title of "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

SILVER CUP GIVEN AWAY

12" high! Given to pupil making greatest physical improvement in the next 3 months.

JUST tell me where you want it—and I'll add SOLID INCHES of powerful new muscle SO FAST your friends will grow bug-eyed with wonder!

Do you want me to broaden your shoulders—put trip-hammer power in both your arms—make your legs two pillars of strength? Then just check what you want below. I'll prove you can get it in just 15 minutes a day—in your own home—or it won't cost you a penny!

I don't care if you are 15 or 50 years old—or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can give you a "barrel chest" and a vise-like grip. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs — help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling. I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered dynamo! You'll *feel* and *look* different. Man, you'll begin to LIVE!

ARE YOU

- Skinny, Weak and run down?
- Always tired?
- Nervous?
- Lacking in confidence?
- Constipated?
- Suffering from bad breath?
- Fat and flabby?
- Do you want to lose or gain weight?

WHAT TO DO ABOUT IT is told in my FREE BOOK

WHAT'S MY SECRET?

"DYNAMIC TENSION"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny skinny chested weakling I was at 17 to my present superman physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with.

When you have learned to develop your strength through *"Dynamic Tension"* you can laugh at the artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—*"Dynamic Tension"* will turn the trick for you. No theory—so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of *"Dynamic Tension"* almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD THE MUSCLE and VITALITY you want. And *you'll* be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

FREE Illustrated 32-Page Book. Just Mail the Coupon.

SEND NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." (Over 3½ MILLION fellows have sent for it already.) It contains 32 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. Shows what *"Dynamic Tension"* has done for others, answers many vital questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

This book is a real prize for any fellow who wants better build. Yet I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it may mean the turning point in your whole life! Check the information you want (in the coupon below) and rush it to me personally. **CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. *164N*, 115 East 23rd St., N. Y. 10, N. Y.**

Here's The Kind of Results I Get:

"I gained 11 lbs. and 4¼ inches on my chest, 3 inches on my arms. I am never constipated."
—Henry Neven, Canada

"I gained 34 lbs. and increased my chest 6 inches!"
—Stanley Lynn, Calif.

"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."
—F. S., New York

"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed only 141. Now I weigh 170."
—T. K., New York

"The benefits are wonderful. The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches."
—E. M., Conn.

"You changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle."
—J. W., Montana

CHARLES ATLAS, DEPT. *164N*,
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of Body I Want:

(*Check as many as you like*)

- ☐ More Weight—Solid—In The Right Places
- ☐ Broader Chest and Shoulders
- ☐ More Powerful Arms and Grip
- ☐ Slimmer Waist and Hips
- ☐ More Powerful Leg Muscles
- ☐ Better Sleep, More Energy

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book "Everlasting Health and Strength"—32 pages, crammed with photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice. I understand this book is mine to keep and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

Name _____ Age _____
(Please print or write plainly)

Address _____

City _____ State _____

☐ If under 14 years of age check for Booklet A.